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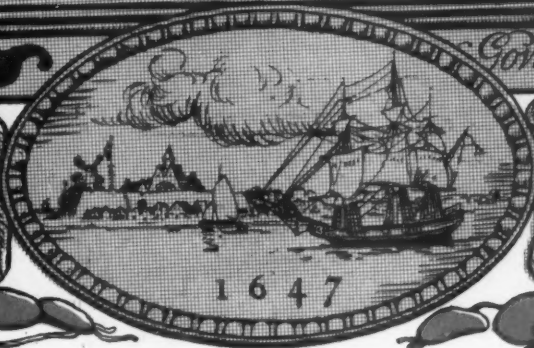
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1902



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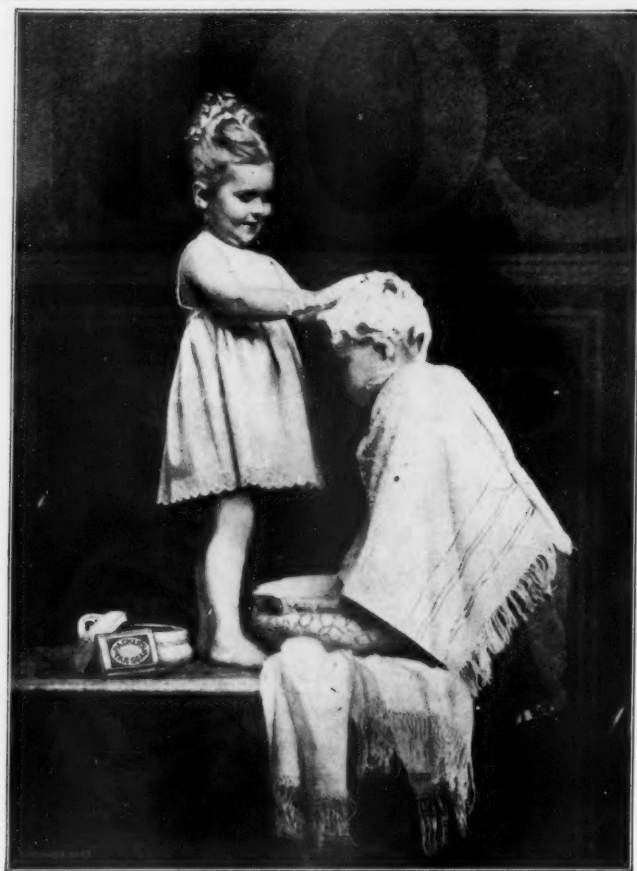
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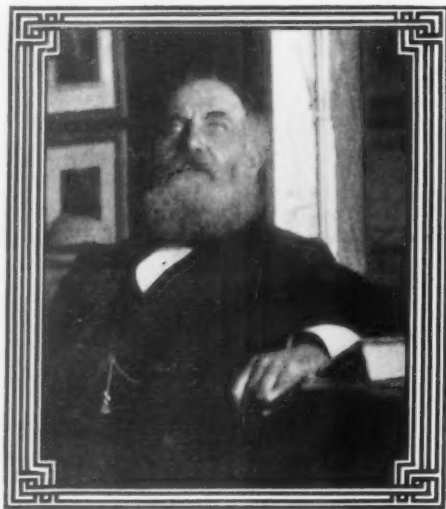
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WILLIAM T. STEAD

*The third article of the series of striking
and original papers on political sub-
jects of national importance, written by the
veteran editor of the London "Review of
Reviews," Mr. William T. Stead, will
be published in the next number of*

Collier's Weekly

*issued on February 1st. The article is entitled "The Annexation of
Canada," and, as the title suggests, it treats of a question that is sooner
or later bound to come to the front in political discussions, but which
up to the present has been very cautiously handled by both American
and British diplomatists.*

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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SOME OF OUR NEWSPAPERS ARE DISPOSED TO think Germany is our natural enemy, but the German Emperor is taking great pains to prove that he doesn't share the feeling. He adopts a perfectly characteristic method to display his friendship. Whenever things go wrong in Europe, he manages to invite some one to review his troops or sail in his yacht or take dinner with him. He has the theory of social diplomacy highly developed, and we are not prepared to say that it is not a pretty good theory, now that poison has gone out of fashion and it is safe to eat even a cardinal's caramel. So he requests the President's daughter to christen his yacht, now building in this country, and as a further mark of high friendship sends his brother Henry over to assist at the ceremony. No one with any common-sense will despise the importance of the mission. It is a great deal better that we should be on good terms with the Kaiser than on bad, and much more comfortable to increase our social duties than to pay more customs duties. Also, it is better for the Kaiser to send his well-beloved brother out on this kind of mission than to have the young man going around the world "knocking in nails to hang up the German armor." He may come to our land of plenty, where many an equally worthy German has come before. He will not need a steel breastplate and a glove of mail, and he can hang his hat on the rack in the hall and he welcome.

BUT SOMEHOW THE KAISER, WITH ALL HIS SKILL, is not able to control the growing antipathy between the British and the German people. Last week in the Reichstag a prominent member spoke of Mr. Chamberlain with a bitterness of invective that would have called for censure from the Speaker's chair if it had been used in our free-and-easy House of Representatives. The Chancellor only mildly rebuked him. Now, although the King is about to pay a formal visit to his nephew, the London "Times" is lashing the British public to a rage by publishing daily accounts of the progress of Anglophobia in Germany, with reproductions of the textual insults and descriptions of the most offensive caricatures. "In coarseness, obscenity and venom," the "Times" says, "these caricatures are without parallel in modern times." Of course some allowance must be made for the continental taste in these matters, which is not as particular as our own. We could hardly calculate what the people of this country might have done if our newspapers had been permitted by the police to reproduce or even describe the cartoons published in Madrid during the Cuban agitation. But it is no exaggeration to say that the anti-British cartoons published in prominent German papers since the Boer war began are enough to make any people thirst for revenge. The British think the German Government is at fault in not suppressing these publications, but they do not appreciate the strength of the anti-British feeling on the Continent. In Germany it amounts almost to a national mania, and even the strong-willed Emperor has found his power helpless against it. It exists in every rank of society and is strongest in the army.

MR. HENRY WATTERSON AND OTHERS ARE APPEALING to Mr. Andrew Carnegie to provide a home for journalists who have arrived at helpless old age without money enough to provide for their daily wants. Mr. Waterson poetically describes them as "Soldiers of the day and night," whose "whole life is one long epic, one great heroic struggle." The suggestion is a good one, but if newspaper men, why not other writers; why not lawyers and mechanics? The lives of many of them may not be long epics, but they are by no means short lyrics, and there is always plenty of tragedy in the spectacle of frugal men and women closing their honorable years in the darkness of poverty. A comprehensive old age pension scheme has been talked about as a governmental measure in England. But Mr. Carnegie out of his private means could do almost as much as a government.

THE ACTUAL RETIREMENT OF RICHARD CROKER from the leadership of Tammany Hall was accomplished recently with a pathetic display of emotion on the part of this venerable statesman. He is succeeded by Mr. Lewis Nixon, a shipbuilder, formerly of the United States Navy. Mr. Nixon was the designer of the battleship *Oregon*. He is a person of good character, one of the men whom the div-

keepers and blackmailers of Tammany could point to with pride whenever the respectability of their organization was attacked. It is not probable that his actual leadership will last very long or amount to much while it lasts, for the captaincy of Tammany is a matter of natural selection, and leaders are not made by appointment. Mr. Croker's tears and his announcement that he will not return to active politics have been received with a degree of cynicism that must discourage a person of his exquisite sensibility. But we should say that, whether his tears were real or not, his permanent retirement is necessarily so, and that, not because Tammany has found out that he is wicked, but because it has learned that he is weak.

MEANWHILE THE NEW ADMINISTRATION IN NEW York continues to work to the general satisfaction, although there are signs of trouble in the sky. The question of Sunday opening of saloons is always an irritating one to reformers. Mr. Low is trying to carry out the plan in Greater New York that he found effective in Brooklyn. It consists in a mild connivance at infractions of the law. The police are made to understand that they must not close "respectable" bar-rooms—that is, resorts which are managed without scenes of debauchery and drunkenness. This plan meets opposition from two sources, from men like Dr. Parkhurst, who don't believe in opening saloons on Sundays at all, and from men like Mr. Jerome, who believe the law ought to be enforced to the letter. Of course, the Legislature could make the way easy for the Mayor by altering the law, but in spite of the violence of the agitation in favor of a change, the up-State Assemblymen continue to maintain an obstinate resistance to the demands from the metropolis. They have one good answer to the appeals of the city delegations. They know what their constituents want.

AN ENGLISH STATISTICIAN PUBLISHES THE CHEERFUL information that ours is the richest nation in the world. According to this ready reckoner, we have \$80,000,000,000, while the United Kingdom has \$55,000,000,000, France \$45,000,000,000, Germany \$40,000,000,000, and Russia \$30,000,000,000. We have no means of knowing how accurate these estimates may be, but it is a real pleasure to write the figures and, we hope, to read them. We feel like replying with the comedian in the play when money was mentioned: "Say that again; it sounds good."

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, WITH which the people of St. Louis expect to reduce all other world's fairs in history to a profitless memory, will be enlivened by a competition of airships. Two hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated for the contest, and one hundred thousand dollars will be paid as a first prize. The number of enthusiastic aeronauts in this country is small, but this offer ought to stimulate invention and bring out some American rival to the gallant Santos-Dumont.

THE FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT IN THE NEW YORK Central tunnel has led to much excited controversy and to an investigation of the system of safeguards against accidents in use in the tunnel. It was found the other day that the torpedoes which were expected to warn the engineer did not explode, and that the passing trains made a fog of smoke and steam in which it was impossible to distinguish the signal lights. Public sentiment condemns the company, and it is difficult to believe that in this age of mechanical ingenuity, and especially of the development of electrical power, it has not been possible to improve conditions which at their best destroy the comfort of passengers and at their worst are a menace to life. Officers of the company protest that they have done everything in their power, but few people believe them. It is probable they will hasten the execution of their old plan to use their right of way on the west side of the island, but the public will not be satisfied until trains are driven by electricity through a clean and well-lighted tunnel.

OUR CHARMING LITTLE PROTÉGÉS OF SOUTH America continue to prove their fondness for the republican ideal by making it an excuse for revolution and murder. Paraguay, which well-informed geographers know is situated somewhere south of Brazil, has dismissed the Presi-

dent, Señor Aceval, at the instigation of General Caballero, General Escobar and Señor Carvallo, worthy men but hitherto unknown to fame. During the insurrection the troops committed the blunder of firing into the Senate Chamber and killing Senator Facundo Isfran. The fact that Señor Isfran was an eager candidate for the Presidency may or may not have had some bearing on his sudden demise. Señor Carvallo is now President of Paraguay. Perhaps it would be wiser to risk no prophecy, but say he was President when this paper went to press.

SIR ROBERT BALL, WHO, LIKE ALL SCIENTIFIC MEN in England, is a profound pessimist, announces that some day another glacial period will freeze this poor old world. Fortunately he predicts this calamity for a date sufficiently remote. It will not come in our time, and when it does come it will not be an unmixed blessing, for it certainly will bring ice within the reach of all.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION of Cuba has become so great that no one can predict what will happen in the island unless Congress takes steps to relieve the situation. A natural remedy, a sort of first aid to the injured, would be a substantial reduction of the tariff on articles of Cuban production. To this end a great number of petitions have been addressed to Congress by commercial bodies both in Cuba and in this country. But the inevitable opposition has arisen, led by the beet sugar industries. They are represented in Washington by a great personage who speaks haughtily of the concessions he is prepared to make, and delivers an ultimatum with all the boldness of an imperial Russian ukase. Apparently the distressed Cubans should have submitted their grievances to this mighty man instead of to Congress, which exists only to execute his will. But Congress must soon resume its Constitutional rights of legislation or condemn Cuba to years of depression, with the inevitable result of public disorder and hatred of this country. The President is believed to be in favor of decided action, and, if the general sentiment of the public were as well represented at Washington as private interests seem to be, there would be no doubt of the outcome.

GENERAL FUNSTON COMES BACK TO THIS COUNTRY with the usual gloomy reports of progress in the Philippines. He thinks the "natives will not be brought under the control of a civil government in this generation." He predicts that it will be necessary to keep a force of at least forty thousand men in the islands for the next three or four years; after that, "ten thousand men will be sufficient, if there are no signs of trouble." Congress has begun to talk about the question again. On motion of Senator Hear, who firmly maintains his position against imperialism, a committee has been appointed by the Senate to investigate the war and report.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION have been named. They include, besides the gentlemen mentioned in the last issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the President of the United States, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and the President of the National Academy of Design, all ex-officio, and Grover Cleveland, Lyman J. Gage, A. S. Hewitt, Seth Low, Wayne MacVeagh, D. O. Mills, Elihu Root, Weir Mitchell, and Andrew D. White, among others. It is a notable list in a way, although the paucity of names distinguished in literature and science would be remarked in any country but this.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND IS MORE UNSATISFACTORY—to the English—than it has been since Mr. Farnell's death. A great many small outbreaks have occurred, boycotting is in active operation in County Sligo, and the police have begun criminal proceedings against a number of politicians under the coercive laws that all the world had hoped would remain in abeyance. It would be filling England's cup of sorrow to overflowing if Ireland should "rise" at this time; but some Irishmen in this country, who believe that "England's difficulties are Ireland's opportunity," have wondered that trouble did not begin with the first defeats in South Africa.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE "HIVE OF INDUSTRY"—NIGHT VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM THE HUDSON



*Ye walls of Western Empire, grandly rising
Sheer from the sea, to touch the lurid heavens,
Glossed in the tide, in infinite reflection—*

*Apocalypse of power, wealth and splendor,
Surpassing ancient Carthage, Tyre and Venice,
Symbol of sea-rule vast beyond our dreaming—*

*O palaces with life aglow and throbbing,
Yours is a glorious vision yet but dawning,
While Carthage, Venice, Tyre, are memories faded.*

HENRY TUCKER

The MONROE



DOCTRINE

By William T. Stead

THE SECOND OF A SHORT SERIES OF BRILLIANT ARTICLES ON SUBJECTS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE AND INTEREST TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, BY THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" AND AUTHOR OF MANY FAMOUS BOOKS AND ARTICLES ON POLITICS AND SOCIAL ECONOMY. LAST WEEK WAS PUBLISHED "AMERICA INVADES GREAT BRITAIN." THE NEXT ARTICLE WILL BE "THE ANNEXATION OF CANADA"

WHAT IS the Monroe Doctrine? The best answer is to be found in quoting the words which President Monroe used in his Message:

"We owe it therefore to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those [European] Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this Hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

He added that such a procedure would be viewed as "the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States," and that it would not be looked upon with indifference by them.

The doctrine was first suggested to President Monroe by Mr. Canning. Canning himself would have been considerably astonished had he seen the result of his suggestion. He said that he regarded his recognition of the republics of Mexico and Colombia as an act which would make a change in the face of the world almost as great as that of the discovery of the continent now set free. He went on to say:

"The Yankees will shout in triumph, but it is they who lose most by our decision. The great danger of the time, a danger which the policy of the European system would have fostered, was a division of the world into European and American, Republican and Monarchical, a league of wandering governments on the one hand, and developing and stirring nations with the United States at their head on the other. We slip in between, and plant ourselves in Mexico. The United States have gotten the start of us in vain, and they link once more America to Europe."

This linking of America to Europe is the one thing which the Monroe Doctrine is now invoked in order to render impossible.

JUSTIFICATION OF THE DOCTRINE

THE Monroe Doctrine primarily concerned South and Central America. Its original justification was a desire on the part of the republican government of the United States to exclude from the New World the despotic system that prevails on the Continent of Europe. Hence its avowed motive when it was promulgated was anti-monarchical rather than anti-European. It originated with Canning, and was prompted by a horror of the Holy Alliance, which was regarded both in England and America as a conspiracy of despots against human liberty.

If Canning and Monroe, who may be regarded as the joint authors of the doctrine in its first promulgation, had been cross-examined as to their motives, they would have ridiculed the idea that the new policy had any other motive than that of securing the New World for free governments and of continuing despotism to the Eastern Hemisphere. But in the formulation of the doctrine they were not careful to distinguish between a despotic and a monarchical power, and they used the word European as a synonym for monarchical despotism.

In that sense the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed, and in that sense it was always interpreted down to the date of its great revival six years ago, at the time of the Venezuelan dispute. Then the Americans, ignoring the original objective of the doctrine, used it in order to protest against an extension of British dominions in South America. The British Empire was a European monarchy, and therefore technically came under the ban of the Monroe Doctrine. Yet not even Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Olney would have ventured seriously to assert that a British colony was less free or less progressive than the half-breed republic of Venezuela or the dictatorial republic of Mexico.

What Mr. W. D. Howells said on the subject would have been admitted by all educated Americans, namely, that the constitutional monarchies of England, Scandinavia and Italy were in essence republican, although they still retained their monarchical trappings. It was, therefore, a distinct abuse of the spirit of the doctrine by using its letter for the purpose of forbidding an extension of a British colony at the expense of a nominal republic.

This, however, is a purely academic point, because there is no desire on the part of any Englishman to annex any portion of South or Central America. Indeed, there is reason to believe that we are at the present moment in negotiation for the transfer of our jurisdiction over the Mosquito Indians to the republic of Nicaragua. But it is well to raise this point, in order to show the process by which the Monroe Doctrine attained its present development. The original motive has disappeared. It is not in order to secure the Western Hemisphere for free institutions that the doctrine is maintained. It is in order to exclude European States as European States, whether they be constitutional or monarchical. The nature of their governments has nothing to do with it, and a formula originally invented to put limits upon the spread of despotism is now invoked, in the first place, as a measure of self-protection for the United States of America; in the second, in order to exclude Europe from America. This may be right or it may be wrong. It is not the original doctrine.

WHAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAID

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S inaugural message supplied the world with a clear, explicit and authoritative exposition of what the Americans mean when they speak of the Monroe Doctrine. The passage is so important that it is well to quote it almost in full:

"The Monroe Doctrine should be the cardinal feature of the foreign policy of all the nations of the two Americas. . . . It is in no wise intended as hostile to any nation in the Old World. Still less is it intended to give cover to any aggression by one New World power at the expense of any other. It is simply a step, and a long step, toward assuring the universal peace of the world by securing the possibility of permanent peace on this hemisphere.

"During the past century other influences have established

the permanence and independence of the smaller States of Europe. Through the Monroe Doctrine we hope to be able to safeguard like independence and secure like permanence for the lesser among the New World nations.

"This doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power, save that it in truth allows each of them to form such as it desires. In other words, it is really a guaranty of the commercial independence of the Americas. We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American State. We do not guarantee any State against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power.

"We have not the slightest desire to secure any territory at the expense of any of our neighbors. We wish to work with them hand in hand, so that all of us may be uplifted together, and we rejoice over the good fortune of any of them; we gladly hail their material prosperity and political stability, and are concerned and alarmed if any of them fall into industrial or political chaos. We do not wish to see any Old World military power grow up on this continent, or to be compelled to become a military power ourselves. The people of the Americas can prosper best if left to work out their own salvation in their own way.

"The work of upbuilding the navy must be steadily continued. . . . All we want is peace; and toward this end we wish to be able to secure the same respect for our rights from others which we are eager and anxious to extend to their rights in return, to ensure fair treatment to us commercially, and to guarantee the safety of the American people.

"Our people intend to abide by the Monroe Doctrine and to insist upon it as the one sure means of securing the peace of the Western Hemisphere. The navy offers us the only means of making our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine anything but a subject of derision to whatever nation chooses to disregard it. We desire the peace which comes as of right to the just man armed; not the peace granted on terms of ignominy to the craven and the weakling."

This is definite, both in what it affirms and what it denies. But it is well to note that the President has put his foot down definitely upon the assumption that the Monroe Doctrine has anything to do with commerce beyond allowing each American State to make what commercial treaties it chooses.

AMERICA WANTS NO PROTECTORATES

IT is also noteworthy that the President expressly repudiates the theory which some of his friends have expressed in very vigorous terms, that the United States should undertake the responsibility of exercising general overlordship over the foreign policy of the Central and South American States. The passage in his message which will be read with most interest in Germany is that in which he said that the United States does not guarantee any State against punishment for misconduct, provided that the punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power.

From this it follows that if any South American State should find itself involved in a quarrel with any European power the United States has now repudiated in advance any right under the Monroe Doctrine to protect such American State from European attack. If Germany, for instance, had a grievance against Venezuela which she maintained rendered it necessary for her to inflict punishment upon that republic, the American Government could not, in face of President Roosevelt's declaration, raise any objection if the German fleet escorted a German army corps across the Atlantic, if the army corps were landed upon Venezuelan territory, occupied the capital, and imposed any terms by the will of the conqueror upon the conquered, so long as the Germans did not stipulate for the acquisition of territory by Germany.

But it is not necessary to acquire territory in order to establish non-American ascendancy in the country in which the punitive expeditions of unlimited severity and duration are permitted by the United States. Americans are perfectly well aware of the precedent of Egypt. Germany could not possibly make more emphatic protests as to her intention to evacuate South American territory than Mr. Gladstone made as to our determination to withdraw our garrison from the Nile delta.

What is more, Mr. Gladstone made his declarations in perfect good faith, and intended to carry out his pledges. But nearly twenty years have elapsed since with the battle of Tel-el-Kebir the control of Egypt passed into the hands of Great Britain. England has not annexed a square yard of territory in Egypt, but from that day to this the will of England has been law in Cairo and Alexandria.

GERMANY'S OPPORTUNITY

WHAT is to hinder the Germans from improving upon the English precedents? They can accept with both hands the interdiction upon the acquisition of territory. All they would need to do would be to impose upon the offending State a sufficiently heavy financial penalty, and to insist upon occupying certain points of vantage until the money was paid, or at least until a government should be established in the country with sufficient solidity to satisfy them that they would not have their punitive expedition to do over again as soon as

the last man of the expeditionary force was embarked upon the German transports.

It is not surprising that President Roosevelt should endeavor to repudiate any responsibility to shield the Southern and Central American republics from punishment for misbehavior, because any attempt to prevent the European powers from avenging their own wrongs would have entailed upon the American Government the effective exercise of the duties of Lord Chief Justice of the Western Hemisphere which Mr. Olney claimed but which no American statesman is prepared to exercise.

If the Monroe Doctrine is really to be enforced in spirit as well as in letter, and the European powers are to be forbidden to establish themselves in South America, the United States will have to reconsider her policy and prepare to shoulder the burden of answering for the maintenance of international law throughout the whole of the American Continent. She may hope to evade it, and the occasion may not arise for some time to come. But by leaving the door open for punitive expeditions to be conducted at the discretion of each and all of the European powers, President Roosevelt has given the Kaiser the opening which he needs if he really cares to take advantage of it.

I have said that President Roosevelt felt that he was compelled to concede to European powers the right to punish South American republics as the only alternative to the assumption by the United States of the functions of the Chief Justiceship of the world. It is probable, however, that the Americans will discover a *via media* which will enable them to avoid the obvious dangers resulting from European punitive expeditions directed against South and Central American States, and the assumption of the office of an international sheriff who undertakes the duty of enforcing respect for law throughout the whole of that vast expanse of territory.

"THE UNITED STATES COLLECTION AGENCY"

WHAT is there to hinder the United States of America from laying down the law that, whenever any European State has a grievance against any South American republic, it shall not be free to redress its alleged wrong until it has submitted the whole question to an International Tribunal of Arbitration, whose award the United States Government will undertake, with the aid of the other American States, to enforce? This would certainly minimize the evils which are inherent in both the courses which are at present regarded as the only alternatives. Arbitration would in nine cases out of ten lead to an amicable settlement of a quarrel, and in the tenth case the United States would not stand alone in enforcing respect for the tribunals which the recalcitrant State first invoked and then rejected.

Certainly some such solution is urgently to be desired. Italy and Germany regard the vast half-peopled South American Continent as the natural Hinterland for the overflow of their population. Disputes are inevitable, and present statesmen would do well to provide in advance for their amicable settlement; and the advantages of a system which would forbid all punitive expeditions across the Atlantic, which would not entail the assumption of any onerous responsibilities on the part of the United States, will naturally commend themselves more and more to the sober common-sense of the American people.

When Mr. Olney, President Cleveland's Secretary of State, claimed for his government that it is "practically sovereign on this Continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition," he startled the Old World a little, but he scared the New World much more. For while none of the European powers, with the somewhat dubious exception of Germany, has any aspirations after territory in the Western Hemisphere, there is no government in Southern or Central America that does not regard with undisguised alarm the claim of the big brother with a big stick to way up in the North to exercise lordship or dominion over them.

It seems to outsiders that the instinct of the South American governments is perfectly sound. The Monroe Doctrine demands as its necessary logical corollary the assumption by the United States of the right and the power to compel the other American States to refrain from actions which would give European powers a legitimate *casus belli*. If European powers are left to their own resources when face to face with Southern or Central American republics, they will of necessity follow the time-honored path.

WHAT THE POWERS MAY DO

THEY will send first a man-of-war, then a squadron; they will declare war, despatch troops and do their best to seize the enemy's capital. Of course they may do all this, and if when they conclude peace they evacuate the occupied territory and make no attempt to annex American soil the Monroe Doctrine will be left intact. But the risk is very great that if a European power once establishes its troops as conquerors in a position of vantage on the American Continent, it will be very difficult to turn them out without actual menace of war.

Not only so, but the experience of the United States in Cuba is sufficient to show how easy it is to establish political paramountcy over a territory without annexation. The Monroe Doctrine says nothing about paramountcy. It relates solely to the extension of territorial possessions. If, therefore, President Roosevelt is anxious to keep Europe out of America he will be driven either by mediation, friendly offices, or by downright intervention to prevent disputes between European and American States from ever coming to blows.

That in the long run will practically mean that all the Central and South American republics, while nominally sovereign international States, are really subject to the suzerainty of Uncle Sam, and all serious diplomatic business will be settled at Washington. It may be very good for the South American States thus to have the most difficult and

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 8)

Yours is a glorious vision yet but dawning, While Carthage, Venice, Tyre, are memories faded.

Surpassing ancient Carthage, Tyre and Venice, Symbol of sea-rule vast beyond our dreaming—

Glossed in the tide, in infinite reflection—

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POST OFFICE AND PARK ROW BUILDING MANHATTAN LIFE BUILDING ON BROADWAY GILLENDER BUILDING—NASSAU AND WALL

CLOUD PIERCERS OF LOWER NEW YORK

THREE MONSTER "TOWNS BUILT UP ON END," WHOSE TENANTS EQUAL IN NUMBER THE INHABITANTS OF AN AVERAGE CITY



THE "SKY-LINE" LOOKING UP.

TOWN FROM BROAD STREET



BUILDINGS ON THE UPTOWN

MARGIN OF BATTERY PARK



A VIEW OF CITY HALL PARK

ITS AIR-SPACE AND ENVIRONS



BUILDING THE RAPID TRANSIT

ROAD IN UNION SQUARE PARK



CHAOTIC CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE VICINITY OF HERALD SQUARE, LOOKING NORTH, UP BROADWAY AND SIXTH AVENUE

BUILDING UP AND DEMOLISHING THE METROPOLIS

THE OLD LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK ARE NO LONGER SAFE, BECAUSE OF THE NECESSITY FOR "SKY SCRAPERS AND MOON RAKERS"

WALL STREET'S WONDERFUL PROSPERITY

By Edward Walker Harden

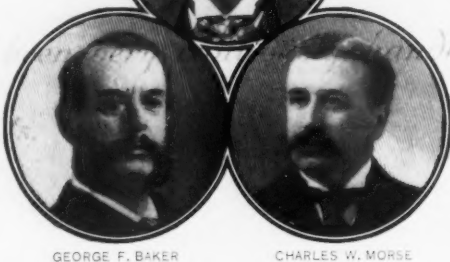
THE TWELVE MONTHS just ended have been the most prosperous of any twelve months in the history of Wall Street. New financial records have been made in stock transactions, in sales of bonds, in bank clearings, and in various other financial lines. Stock brokerage houses, as a rule, have made larger profits, banks have had a more prosperous year, and, in general, the year has been marked by the very highest financial results.

There are several reasons leading up to the prosperous year in Wall Street. First and foremost, perhaps, was the general return of confidence on the part of the public as a result of the election in November, 1900, which was looked upon as being a complete and final victory for the gold standard and for sound economic principles. The year began with very general prosperity in all lines of trade and commerce. Those who believed the tide had reached its full height and that a turn was due have so far been disappointed. The year ended with prosperity even more general and more marked than when it began. Even the partial crop failure of last summer failed to stem the tide of prosperity, and railway earnings, which are first to reflect unfavorable conditions in the great agricultural districts of the West, continued to make satisfactory comparison with the figures of the previous year. In December, alone of all of the twelve months, there was shown a falling off in railway earnings, and this was due not to the unfavorable outcome of the season's crops but to purely transitory causes.

As prosperity in Wall Street follows so closely the prosperity of the entire country, it is not to be wondered at that the year made new records in many lines or that profits should have been phenomenally heavy in the financial district. "Wall Street" is a term which has come to be applied generally to the financial districts of New York, including the banking interests as well as the stock-market end. In Wall Street prosperity depends upon the volume of the business transacted. Profits of brokerage houses come largely from straight commissions on stock-brokerage transactions. These are, of course, larger as the volume of business expands. When stock transactions are being conducted on an enormous scale banks are increasing their profits from the additional need for money in the carrying out of these operations. It may be said in general terms that Wall Street profits go on continuously whatever may be the fate of the principals in the transactions. In other words, the profits of the broker or the banker do not depend upon the success of the individual trader. The only way in which the losses of the public affect Wall Street prosperity is in the curtailing of future business.

The attention of the public has been directed to the recent large distributions of money made by banking and brokerage houses in the way of Christmas presents to employees. This has brought home to the readers of newspapers the fact that the year has been particularly prosperous in Wall Street. It goes without saying that a business firm in Wall Street could not distribute anywhere from \$10,000 to \$250,000 to employees unless the year had been one of great prosperity. There were a score of houses whose Christmas distributions to employees were in excess of \$50,000 and probably one hundred more gave upward of \$10,000. J. P. Morgan & Co., for example, gave to each employee a full year's salary, the aggregate amount of these gifts being in the neighborhood of \$250,000. Drexel & Co. of Philadelphia, which is a collateral branch of the house of Morgan, also gave its employees a full year's salary. The First National Bank, of which George F. Baker is president, one of the largest institutions in New York, gave a full year's wages to every employee, and what was of vastly more importance as indicating the prosperity of the financial district, it made a distribution to its stockholders unparalleled in amount.

Three famous bankers who distributed half a million dollars among



GEORGE F. BAKER

CHARLES W. MORSE

their business employees for Christmas presents last year

The bank recently increased its capital stock from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, and it paid for the additional stock issue through an extra dividend of 1,950 per cent declared out of profits. In other words, each stockholder received nineteen shares of new stock for each share of his original holdings without the payment of one dollar. The Central Trust Co. gave its employees fifty per cent of their year's salaries, and, according to report, F. P. Olcott, the president, was voted \$50,000 as an honorarium by the directors of that institution. These are some of the direct gifts of which there are instances without number. In nearly every brokerage house and banking institution some sort of Christmas distribution was made to employees. A fair average of the amount so given, it may be said, was twenty-five per cent of the yearly salaries of those receiving the gifts. In most instances, the amount of the present was dependent upon the length of service of the employee.

Other financial institutions made distributions along different lines. Charles W. Morse, the organizer of the American Ice Company, has recently acquired control of a chain of banks in New York City. To employees of these institutions whose services had been particularly commendable he has given the privilege of acquiring stock in the individual banks at prices well below the market quotations, and they have been given the privilege of paying for this stock out of wage earnings. This is a sort of beneficence which will perhaps commend itself to the thinking more than direct gifts of money.

These are the visible but unimportant evidences of Wall Street's unexampled prosperity. The real evidence of prosperity is found in the records of the Clearing House, of the Stock Exchange, in the reports of banks, and in the dividend payments made by the great corporations. The Clearing House made new records for a day, for a month and for a year in 1901. The New York Stock Exchange made new records in volume of transactions in stocks for a day, for a month and for a year in 1901. The sales of bonds last year exceeded those of any twelve months in the history of Wall Street trading. The important financial undertakings carried

to a successful conclusion were of more far-reaching consequence than those of any previous years. In 1901 the so-called "community of interest" plan, which has been much talked of, came to its full fruition, and in this year the greatest industrial combination known to the world was brought into life. The working out of the "community of interest" plan as affecting individual railway companies brought on, inadvertently, the panic of May 9, which was in a way a record-breaker, but it has resulted in the combination of two great railway lines reaching half-way across the continent, the absorption of a third line, and the bringing about of a mutuality of interest with another great system which practically places the whole of the railway mileage of the Northwest in the hands of three or four men. These are the important and underlying causes for the immense volume of business transacted in Wall Street during the year just ended, and they are responsible for the prosperity which manifested itself in the gifts of millions in Wall Street at the end of the year.

One may gain from the actual figures of the year's transactions in various lines some idea of the strenuous activity of Wall Street life. During the year just ended sales of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange aggregated 250,000,000 shares as compared with 140,000,000 shares in the previous year. Sales of bonds amounted to \$993,000,000 as compared with \$565,000,000 in 1900. Bank clearings for the year reached \$80,000,000,000 as compared with \$52,000,000,000 for the year 1900 and \$60,000,000,000 for 1899. In one day bank clearings reached a total of \$546,900,000, while the sales of stock on the New York Stock Exchange for one day were 3,202,100 shares. The Consolidated Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Metal Exchange and other important commercial bodies added to the enormous total of trading in the financial district, and if accurate figures could be had these transactions would undoubtedly reach a greater total than that reached in the sales on the Stock Exchange. While sales of bonds on the Stock Exchange for the year reached the approximate total of \$1,000,000,000, this represents only a part of the actual bond sales in New York during the twelve months. Practically all of the sales of municipal, State and government bonds are transacted over the counters of private dealers and do not figure in the totals given. There are a number of banking institutions whose figures do not appear in the records of the Clearing House.

While there were a number of important financial undertakings which had their inception in the year just ended, all of which have contributed to the prosperity of Wall Street, the most important of these and the one with which the public is most familiar is the United States Steel Corporation with its capital of more than \$1,000,000,000 and a bond issue of \$300,000,000 more. This combination of combinations is a product of 1901, and besides the profits which Stock Exchange houses have made through dealing in its securities there was undoubtedly great profit to its organizers. J. P. Morgan & Co. were the syndicate managers in the formation of this giant company. The members of the syndicate subscribed \$200,000,000 for the carrying out of its financial plan, of which only \$25,000,000 was actually paid in. Recently the subscribers had returned to them the full amount of their payments, and it is currently reported that there was a distribution of some \$60,000,000 to the syndicate members. J. P. Morgan & Co. undoubtedly received the lion's share of this, and as the firm does a colossal business in addition to its work in connection with the flotation of new companies it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Morgan could give to each of his employees the equal of a full year's salary.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE By William T. Stead

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5)

delicate diplomatic questions taken out of their hands. The case of Venezuela offers an excellent illustration of the advantage which such States occasionally reap from the timely intervention of the big brother from the North, but they do not like it all the same.

The existence of such a sentiment of distrust is more likely than anything else to provoke action on the part of the Washington Government that will precipitate the extension of the authority of the United States over the whole Western Hemisphere.

If Mr. Olney's claim, for his country, to be Lord Chief-Justice of the Western Hemisphere excited some protest, it was nothing to the indignation provoked by his frank intimation that in the opinion of the American nation it is "unnatural" that any European State should possess territory in the Western Hemisphere.

Mr. Olney said: "That distance and three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American State unnatural and inexpedient will hardly be denied."

Lord Salisbury denied it at once. But since then Spain has been deprived of her American possessions by war, while Denmark is currently reported to have sold her West Indian islands to the United States for a little more than three quarters of a million pounds sterling.

ENGLAND ALONE REPRESENTED IN "GREATER AMERICA"

THE only footholds the European powers have on the American Continent are in Guiana and in Greenland. Greenland does not matter, as it is a wilderness of ice and snow.

All that Europe holds on the mainland is limited to Surinam and Cayenne, a stretch of territory covering 76,000 square miles, on which only 100,000 persons can find a living. So far, therefore, as serving notice to quit upon Europeans may be regarded as serious, it concerns England and England alone.

It is not likely that England, with whom the Monroe Doctrine first originated, will do anything calculated to bring down the wrath of President Roosevelt on her head. So long as we do not attempt to extend our territory in the Western Hemisphere we may take it that no objection will be taken—pace Mr. Olney—to our maintaining the territorial status quo, *Beati possidentes*.

It would seem that the acquisition by any European power of a coaling station would be resisted as strenuously at the conquest of a tract of territory on the mainland. That this is not exaggeration is shown by the hubbub that was raised quite recently by the announcement that a German steamship company wished to acquire a coaling station off the coast of Venezuela—a hubbub which only subsided on the formal and emphatic disclaimer by the German Ambassador that no such acquisition was contemplated by the German Government.

By a further process of extension the Monroe Doctrine is held to forbid the transfer of any territory now held by a European power to any other European power. The Danes, for instance, had three small islands in the West Indies, which were of no use to them and which the United States was believed to be willing to buy. The Danes would be only too delighted to exchange the islands in the West Indies if, instead of selling to the United States, they could make a deal with the German Empire and hand over their West Indian

Islands in exchange for North Schleswig, in which several hundred thousand Danes groan under the domination of Germany.

WHY A GERMAN ALLIANCE IS FAVORED

ALTHOUGH it has never been officially stated, it is perfectly well understood that the United States would object to any transfer of the Danish possessions to the German Empire. There is no probability of the Germans being willing to exchange North Schleswig for the West Indian Islands; but they would probably be very glad to acquire these islands by outbidding the Americans in the matter of purchase-money. The Monroe Doctrine, however, deprives Denmark of an open market.

If there is one thing which would dispose any of the South American States to accept a German alliance it would be the purpose of rendering absolutely impossible the establishment of a protectorate on the part of the United States. This road, therefore, being closed, North Americans are diligently setting themselves to ward off the danger of European intervention by the other road that is open to them, namely, by the establishment of the system of arbitration which would minimize the dangers of internecine war between the South American republics themselves and the development of a plan by which difficulties with foreign powers might be settled without an appeal to the last dread arbitrament of war.

For this purpose, for the last twenty years it has been a fixed object of American policy to promote what may be called a Pan-American system of arbitration, of which the Congress which assembled in November in the capital of Mexico is the latest and most conspicuous sign.

JUDGE JEROME SETH LOW SENATOR PLATT



COLONEL PARTRIDGE MAYOR'S SECRETARY REYNOLDS

NEW YORK'S MUNICIPAL REVOLUTION

And the DOWNFALL of TAMMANY



EX-MAYOR VAN WYCK R. CROKER EX-CHIEF DEVERLY



EDWARD M. SHEPARD EX-PROSECUT. GARDNER

EARLY THIS YEAR, so soon as Seth Low, Judge Jerome and the other newly elected reformers of New York's municipal administration had come into their own, an unusually daring little farce was put on the boards of one of the most popular variety stages of Broadway. The farce, if such it can be called, in the scathing quality of its humor suggested the broad political cartoons of the metropolitan newspapers which have done so much to make the mere name of Tammany a reproach to American civilization. The very boldness of the thing took the town by storm. It was an imitable travesty, in brief, of the personal traits and mannerisms of speech of three such well-known characters as Thomas C. Platt, the senior Senator of New York; Richard Croker, the quondam Democratic leader of New York City; and William S. Devery, the deposed chief of the metropolitan police force.

Unlike most such skits, the dress and other external characteristics of the travestied victims were not exaggerated into caricature but were faithfully reproduced after life. The pseudo police chief appeared in regulation uniform—in itself an unheard-of thing on the metropolitan stage, where the feelings of play-going policemen have been as tenderly spared as those of the Prussian army in contemporary German drama—Mr. Ransome's new "Ruler of New York" strutted about with a beard and clothes of latest English trim, while the pale "Me Too" of New York politics shuffled after them in immaculate white linen and frock coat. The grim humor of so faithful a character study, in the words of the music-hall song, lay rather in "the things they said, and the nasty way they said it." Under the form of badinage, with the occasional mimicry of such irresistible mannerisms of speech as Devery's famous "touchin' on an' appertainin' to" the interesting characters in question were made to give a damning exposure of the secret personal dickers between the leaders of supposedly antagonistic parties by which New York politics is known to have been debauched.

The great popular success of this little political interlude in what is otherwise a fairly mediocre musical farce is an earnest of the intense feeling of satisfaction experienced by most New Yorkers at the welcome change in the giant city's municipal administration. But a few months ago no metropolitan theatrical manager would have dared to offend the powers that were with such a tell-tale performance. Only in America can public feeling bear fruit so rapidly.

It would not appear worth while to discuss so apparently ephemeral a manifestation as a mere music-hall skit were it not a conspicuous illustration of one of the most potent forces in American politics. This force is ridicule.

It is not too much to say that New York's last great fight against the misrule of Tammany Hall was won in large part by the merciless shafts of ridicule that Mr. Croker, Mayor

Van Wyck and Deputy Chief Devery had drawn upon themselves. After the most damning charges of official corruption had failed to shake the powerful hold of these men on their party, the undermining force of rippling waves of laughter accomplished their downfall. Devery, the police captain, branded as a blackmailer by Dr. Parkhurst, was a formidable foe; Devery, the Deputy Chief, emulating the immortal Dogberry on police trial days, became a target for the dullest newspaper reporter. His famous formula of "touchin' on an' appertainin' to" made him the laughing-stock of the



A STARTLING STAGE REPRESENTATION OF A FAMOUS POLITICAL TRIO SHOWN AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

town. Similarly, Mayor Van Wyck, as the mere silent tool of his all-potent party boss, was a man to be feared. But when he tried to terrify humble delegations to the City Hall by bursting forth in coarse abuse he only recalled the most laughable moments of Irving's Knickerbocker History.

Richard Croker as the "Ruler of New York" was well-nigh invincible, despite all insistent queries as to "where he got it"; as the "Squire of Wantage" he could be made to appeal to the wit of his Irish followers as the silliest of Anglomaniacs. It was a piece of shrewd political acumen on the

part of Seth Low to concentrate his oratorical efforts on so promising a theme. In the light of results it had to be conceded that, while Mr. Shepard's speeches were by far the ablest oratorical efforts, Mr. Low's recourse to simple ridicule had the deadlier effect.

The true reason for Tammany's downfall, of course, cannot be credited to the force of ridicule alone. Disregard of the better feelings of its own humble followers—i.e., the common people—had brought about the inevitable revulsion of temper which resulted in its last signal defeat at the polls.

Yet the discredited administration of Van Wyck was not without its redeeming features. Some important improvements were begun—to wit, the new bridge over the East River to Brooklyn and the huge project of the underground railway, now well under way. The management of the finance department under Bird S. Coler was highly creditable. These gleams of good government, however, reflected small credit on Tammany Hall itself, exceptional instances as they were, which shed but a clearer light on the disappointing features of the rest of the city government.

Fresh from a glorious defeat of these elements arose the present administration of Greater New York, to whom all America looks hopefully for a conspicuous example of better city government.

The work of the new administration is as yet in the formative stage. What has been done, however, is of such commendable character as to offer high hopes for the future. The new officials have proved themselves true to their pledges of non-partisanship in the matter of appointments. In selecting the new heads of the different departments of the city government Mayor Low has been guided solely by the fitness of the man for the office, irrespective of his political affiliations, and has aimed to get the best obtainable. Notable instances of this are the appointments of Colonel John Partridge as Police Commissioner and of James Reynolds, the East Side reformer, as the Mayor's secretary.

The people of New York know enough of their complex city problems to realize that it is difficult to rectify long-standing abuses quickly, and that a non-partisan administration will find many obstructionists ready to make the path not an easy one to travel. Already some murmurs of discontent are heard from certain of the fusion elements hungry for the spoils of office. The agitation of the ever-burning excise question is dividing others into new groups. Already prophesies are freely made that internal quarrels will rend the fusion fabric and bring Tammany back to the City Hall at the end of the next two years.

Still the prevalent feeling remains extremely loyal to Mayor Low and his associates. After all it is from the high personal character of the men of the new reform administration that New Yorkers get their best encouragement.

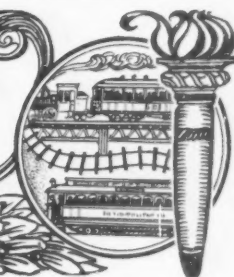


TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

OF NEW YORK

PRESENT AND FUTURE

By Stephen L. Coles



MANY PEOPLE are obliged seriously to discuss the question of where to find places to live in on Manhattan Island or in its vicinity which will be within their means and afford them comfortable homes. They discuss this problem because it is one which they are forced to take into consideration and one in which all the elements are easily understood. But a matter of vastly greater importance to the man who is trying to find a place to live in is that of the transportation facilities on which he must depend to be taken to and fro between his place of business and his home. This problem is not so seriously discussed as the question of home-seeking because it involves many engineering details and because the travelling public is forced to take things as it finds them.

The island of Manhattan even to-day may be considered as one large office building. The men and women who conduct the business of the metropolis live in all directions at least a half-hour's ride away from the office building. These working people must all be moved at least twice a day and at approximately the same hours.

From 7 to 9 o'clock A.M. hundreds of solid streams of humanity are pouring into and through New York City by means of many ferries, one bridge, numerous surface car lines, several steam roads and four elevated railway lines. It is estimated that every day between 7 and 9 A.M. and 5 and 7 P.M. at least 300,000 persons are carried on surface and elevated cars between their homes and the business districts of Manhattan.

The mass of people must be moved and has to be moved. The question of comfort is not to be considered in the problem for a second. The only thing to do is to get the workers from their homes to their places of business in the quickest way possible.

Some of them may have to stand outdoors on the front deck of a ferryboat with the icy breezes inviting pneumonia; others

must "sit on the straps" from far uptown to far downtown; others must be jammed into surface cars like so many cattle and under the most unsanitary circumstances. The people simply must be moved, they must be moved all at the same time, and they perforce must tolerate the means.

The chief reasons for the obstacles incident to providing passenger transportation facilities for New York are found in the physical shape of Manhattan Island. First, that it is an island at once brings up difficulties incident to that fact; second, the fact that it is a long and narrow island offers more difficulties; as does, third, the fact that the number of people who have to be moved is so large.

In the case of a city like Cincinnati, Ohio, with over 400,000 inhabitants, it is possible for a man to have his office on the main business thoroughfare and live in the oldest and best residence portion of the city only seven blocks away. In Boston the shape of the city is such that street car lines and elevated railways radiate in many directions and thus provide a means of dividing a large morning and evening passenger traffic among several roads or many roads. This is also true of other large cities like Chicago and many of the smaller cities.

It is agreed among engineers and street railway experts that the natural conditions presented in New York City offer the most difficult transportation problem in the world to solve.

It is also conceded by capitalists, engineers and street railway experts that all the necessary capital with which to provide adequate, comfortable and convenient transit facilities for New York could be obtained in no time were it only possible and feasible to devise a scheme by which the feat could be satisfactorily accomplished. It has been the experience in the past that the facilities which are adequate to-day will be totally inadequate three years hence.

In this connection it is interesting to remember that the

late Colonel F. K. Hain, General Manager of the Manhattan Railway Company, and one of the ablest railroad men of his time, stated just before his death several years ago that the elevated railway system of New York City was at that time carrying four times the traffic for which it was originally designed. Handling a traffic that averages nearly 600,000 persons a day, the Manhattan Railway has never killed a passenger—an unparalleled record in railroad.

The elevated railways in New York are about thirty-seven miles in extent, and are being as rapidly as possible changed from an equipment of steam locomotives to the modern and better system of the third-rail electric equipment.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which controls all the surface railways in the city of New York, operates 475 miles of track, used by about thirty different electric and horse-car lines.

The usual headway of cars on the Broadway surface line is thirty seconds, which gives an average of three cars to each city block. At many hours of the day the Broadway cars are practically at a standstill on account of the interference of trucks and other vehicles in the streets, and frequently the cars form a continuous line for many blocks. Naturally the transportation facilities on that particular line at times are nil. The man who would go up or down town at that special time on that road is no better off than if there was no street railway on Broadway.

New York City is the proud possessor of just one bridge, connecting the two important boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn. No one need be told that this bridge is working overtime. One who is not familiar with the frightful congestion of passenger traffic at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge any evening would better request some Brooklyn friend to invite him to dine and enjoy the experience for himself. Lately, after a delay, the crowd endeavoring to get to the

THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION

DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER



TERMINUS OF THE SECOND GREAT TRUNK LINE TO GET INTO NEW YORK CITY. TO BE ERRECTED AT SEVENTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

Brooklyn side of the bridge was so tremendous that it swept away the police, the ticket takers and ticket boxes, knocked a man down and nearly trampled him to death before he could be rescued.

The interesting fact about this state of affairs is that these people were not trying to get into a ball game, nor were they organizing a riot, nor were they making a political demonstration. The only thing in the world that they were doing was simply trying to get home, and when that fact is borne in mind the almost criminal inadequacy of New York's transportation facilities may be somewhat appreciated.

The Brooklyn Bridge is overcrowded and overstrained, as has been forcibly demonstrated several times. It was designed with no thought that street railway cars would use it as a thoroughfare. While the authorities have repeatedly assured the travelling public that the bridge is entirely safe, numerous accidents have occurred which indicate that the factor of safety is not as high as it should be.

In all that has been said the only type of passenger that has been considered is he or she who rides from necessity alone. The pleasure-seeker has not been dealt with at all. In most of the large cities of the country the street railways depend for a large proportion of their passenger traffic on the pleasure-seeker. In the summer-time great numbers of people ride on the trolley cars just for the sake of the ride, and

from the fact that they do it many times one would judge that they enjoy it. The man who would ride on the street cars in New York City for enjoyment may be classed either as a stranger in town who does not know what he is doing or as a fit candidate for some secure retreat.

It is believed by many that when the new rapid transit subway at present under course of construction is completed the traffic conditions now prevailing in New York will be largely ameliorated. On the other hand, there are well-known engineers who predict that, with all the relief it is expected the subway will provide, within a very few years from the time it is finished New York City will be relatively as badly off for transportation facilities as it is to-day.

It is said that the new subway has been so designed that it is too small to admit the passage of standard Pullman cars. This fact would, of course, preclude the use of the subway as an aid in distributing the passenger traffic of any main line steam railroad using New York City as a terminus.

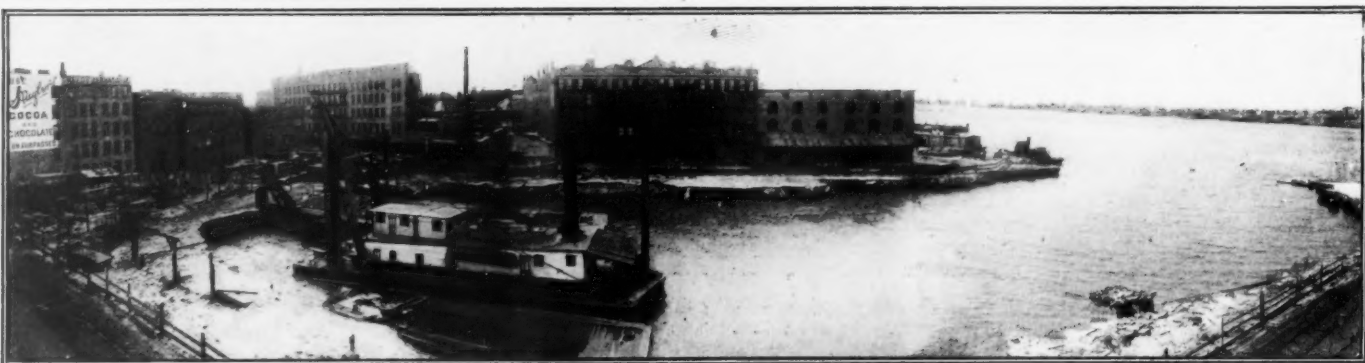
What is to be the cure for this serious state of affairs? As remarked above, many engineers and well-known street railway experts have failed to discover a reasonable or practicable solution of the problem—that is, by the use of any power or engineering means known to-day.

It is evident that a radical departure of some sort will be necessary to provide passenger transportation facilities which

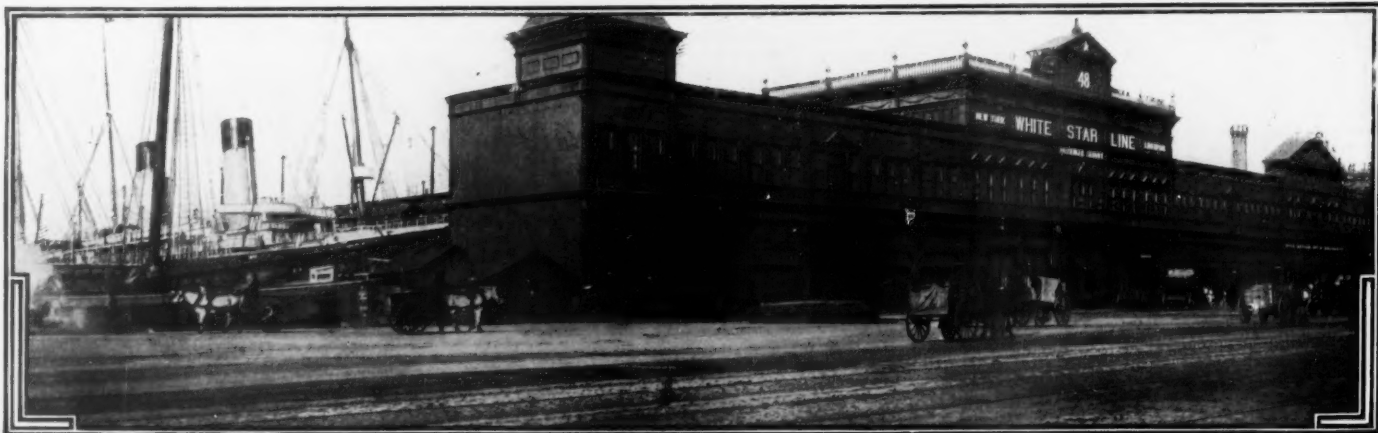
New York not only wants but absolutely needs. One of the most reasonable schemes proposed is to double the efficiency and carrying capacity of the elevated railways by building a second story on the present structure, properly strengthened. Other ideas have been advanced, which involve the bridging over of main thoroughfares like Broadway, leaving the street free for the use of trucks and other types of commercial vehicles, and using the bridge itself for electric cars and sidewalks.

Such schemes as these apply only to the situation as regards the island of Manhattan itself. An equally important phase of the question is the providing of facilities to properly handle the enormous traffic between the Jersey shore and Manhattan Island and between the Long Island shore and Manhattan Island. It is believed that the new tunnel which will be built by the Pennsylvania Railroad will afford some relief in these directions, and it probably will.

What New York City really lacks is proper bridge facilities. Besides the one now in use one other will soon be finished, and one or two more have been proposed and will without doubt be built. It has been suggested that some day the rivers on either side of Manhattan Island may be bridged over completely with boulevards built on steel structures high enough so that sailing vessels can ply their way up and down the streams.



BUILDING THE NEW STEAMSHIP DOCKS ON THE HUDSON RIVER FRONT.—The North River front of Manhattan, erstwhile the haven of lumber and brick schooners, oyster boats, ice transports and garbage scows, is to-day undergoing transformation at the irresistible hands of Modern Improvement, and will soon be lined with stately docks like those a few blocks to the south of Thirteenth Street, the present working ground. A great work is going on, most ably conducted.



PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES M. HARE



WITH THE UNDER DOG

A STORY OF THE "POWERS THAT RULE" NEW YORK
By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER, Author of "In the Forest"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE



RAW TO YOUR MIND'S EYE the image of a rollicking, loose-jointed, shaggy tow-row—Kaiser by name—a mongrel what-not of a color as fulvid as the yellow peril. Grace was not his, nor yet the passive elegance of form. But what cared Kaiser for that? He lived for the love of living and not for appearance' sake—a joyous spirit, humbly self-satisfied. With this, doubtless, he felt no

need of the philosophy of sour grapes, the doctrine that teaches the skin-deep nature of good looks; and more, too, in this matter of beauty one might have flayed him to the bone and found no trace of it.

"It ain't beauty; it's up and do," observed Kennan of the police, to whom Kaiser was unofficially attached. "You should see him take charge of an argument. There's the dog, then, for you."

Kennan told the truth, for with all the developed faculties of the mongrel, Kaiser possessed an unthought share of courage. "Will you mind," spoke Kennan, "of the Greek pedler he pulled out of the foot of Pike Street? Oh, yes! and there was the Lascar, too—him that was overboard off the tea ship with a clout on the head from a marlinspike. He got 'em both ashore—Lord! it was handsome done."

Timmy nodded. Timmy was the son of Alderman Coogan, and from his sire the boy had borrowed that look of solemn importance with which the alderman was wont to favor his constituents in convention assembled. He wore it now, gravely nodding. "There's boys that's pups, too," he added, "and, Denny, it was Snitch that chucked the brick at Kaiser out of the alleyway to-night. I saw him. If I was you I'd up and tell dad on him."

Kennan shook his head solemnly. "No—it won't do for me to be up to him. He ain't any great shakes on me—not much, anyhow."

Timmy studied the pavement doubtfully. "Was it because you make Jake, our barkeep, close up after hours? I guess so—wasn't it?" He looked up at the patrolman again, still solemnly. "Well—you see," he hesitated, "it makes dad sore to have any one go against his pull, and—" Here he halted again, evidently embarrassed. "Dad said he wasn't going to have any hayseed out of the goat district botherin' him." Kennan acquiesced dully, taking the boy's painful frankness as a matter of course. It was true he had come down from "the goats," but his interference with Coogan's bartender was due to ignorance of the alderman's potent pull; otherwise Kennan would have been too wise to push his fingers into the fire. Up there at the city's end he had been burned once before. "They got me on the books then," he admitted, "and they'd have kept me on the move, too, if I hadn't stood for a 'shakedown.' Didn't you hear they transferred me three times till I squared with 'em to be let alone? You mustn't tell that, though, or I'd sure be broke for it."

Timmy, who had gained a clear insight into the political methods of the town, protested that he knew the value of silence. "There was O'Brien, you know," Kennan explained, "who wouldn't stand for the touch; and they broke him because he squealed. Seven times he was chucked from one precinct to another, and then he was broke."

"Well, that was hard sure," the boy admitted; but then stoutly: "He had a right to keep still. I can't stand for a man that hollers. Every time Snitch does it I thump him good."

Kennan laughed. "Must keep you busy, Timmy—hey? Well, so long. There'll be a conversation charge against me if I hang round here chaffing much longer. So long—chick-chick—here, Kaiser!"

Snitch Coogan, Timmy's stepbrother, otherwise Xavier Aloysius, was at the supper table when Timmy came home. He was wolfing down his food, eager with hunger, but still found time to look up with an air of malicious triumph. "Where's my supper?" demanded Timmy.

Snitch helped himself to bread, and with his mouth stuffed gurgled radiantly: "Mar, she says you ain't to have any. She knows you stole the cake after school." He turned again to his meal, chuckling, but the triumph was short. Timmy's fingers were in his hair. "You told on me, did you?" and Snitch, with a shudder of apprehension, perceived that his own taunt had betrayed him. "You told, hey? Come out of that, then!" A hand, dexterous from

custom, dragged Snitch backward, chair and all, and Timmy, ignoring his stepbrother's howl of rage and pain, helped himself to everything in sight. "Cake, too!" he observed. "My! but she does feed you well."

"Jus' you wait till she comes home!" roared Snitch, "she'll fix you!" He sought then, by sudden strategy, to grasp a last fragment of the food, and for his pains was rapped smartly on the knuckles with a spoon. "Oh, oh!" he cried, "jus' you wait!"

Timmy, listening, heard her footfall on the stair. Seizing the last slice of cake, he fled to his room, and there, like a rabbit in the whinns, dived to cover beneath his bed.

"Come out of that!" commanded the iron voice of his stepmother. No answer. "All right," she observed, after vainly stirring the recess with a broom, "you wait till your father comes home."

"Sure—I'm waiting," a defiant voice answered, and the alderman's wife withdrew, her face red with anger. In his sanctuary, Timmy reflected upon the possibilities. Once in his life his father had found occasion to chastise him for a fault; and Timmy wriggled at the remembrance. But he had made up his mind that he was too old to suffer such indignity at a woman's hands, and that woman his stepmother. He was still impressing himself with this idea when he heard his father's voice.

"Oh! let him alone," the alderman protested petulantly. "What d'you always want to be cloutin' him for, anyway?"

"But didn't he steal the cake?" his good lady insisted. Snitch, plunging unfortunately to his fate, cut into the conversation, a triumphant note in his tones. "I seen him take it, dad!"

The alderman swung in his chair and stared with an eye that transfixed the shuddering urchin, daggerwise. "You go to bed—you hear me?"

Snitch, terrified, fell to snivelling. "I'm afeared; he's layin' for me."

"Git to your bed!" bellowed the alderman, and Snitch, with dragging footsteps, betook himself to his room. Cautiously he pushed open the door, and as he peeped within a strong hand had him by the hair. "No noise now," his stepbrother's voice cautioned, "or I'll make it worse. Undress and climb into bed."

Still snivelling, Snitch disrobed, the hand in his hair leading him, a victim, to the altar of his fate. "Now, where'll you have it—back or ribs?"

It was true—and Kennan knew it—that he had made a false start in the precinct. His interference with the alderman's just right of keeping open, after hours had made him a marked man, for it was no policy of the department to juggle with political authority. "Keep off the grass" is the motto of the wary. Kennan had transgressed, unwittingly to be sure, but the excuses of a plain patrolman rarely count in these matters. Likely enough he would be transferred—"sent back to the goats" maybe—and if the political demigod within whose hand lay the fortune of a ward chose to push matters, he might be kept on the move till he answered to another shakedown. But Coogan, Timmy interceding, had refrained. "Tell that hayseed to keep his hands off—that's all. You needn't chase him out of the district. Just keep him from meddlin'." The alderman delivered this dictum to the precinct captain, who solemnly assured him that it should be observed. So Kennan "danced on the carpet" in the "old man's" room, was browbeaten, reprimanded and mentally demeaned, and sent back to post with a threat overhanging his head. Nor was this all: the "old man," in the vernacular of the force, had been "getting the gaff" from headquarters. Here now, to add to other worries, a series of thefts had found their way into the newspapers, and the "front office" was displaying one of its periodic ebullitions of spleen—not because of the robberies, but because they had leaked into the news. And while he was raking down the midnight squad, commending them to renewed vigilance with a variety of turbulent threats, Kaiser chanced to slouch into view.

"Kick out that cur!" roared the captain; "and you, Kennan, if you bring him in here again I'll have you up on charges. D'you hear? Turn out now. About face—march!"

The line swung down the steps, and Kaiser, wig-wagging his affection for Kennan, ranged alongside. "Come on, Kaiser—we're in for it."

Late in the night's tour Kennan turned back on his beat, trying doors on the way. Stillness had fallen upon the streets, save where in the distance a rumbling truck tracked along the water-front. Kaiser, slouching at Kennan's heels,

yawned with him, and together they turned the corner by the alderman's saloon. Its lights were low, the interior dimly disclosed, and as the patrolman went by he peered in mechanically through the unshaded window. "Hunh, now! what's that, I wonder?" he muttered with a sudden start. At the rear of the bar stood the alderman's safe; usually it was in plain view from the street, but now the swing-door leading to the room in the rear was open, and fastened so that the safe was hidden from the street. Kennan ran around to the side, and as he flattened his face against the window a head arose from behind the bar and two eyes for an instant stared into his own.

"Hike—Kaiser!" The dog leaped at the door, his mane shot forward, his beady eyes fired with excitement. A crash of glass from the front gave warning; Kennan's club rapped a lively tattoo upon the curb; he shouted for aid; and two figures, clinging to the shadow, sped up the street in full flight.

"Halt!—stop or I'll shoot!" Kennan levelled his gun at the running men, and again he yelled: "Halt!" But the two kept on. "Halt!" His pistol cracked, and the silence roared with the sound, the echo clattering from wall to wall. "Sic 'em, Kaiser—catch 'em!" The dog, baffled for an instant, uplifted his throat, baying. "Sic 'em, Kaiser—catch 'em!" Again Kennan fired, and the dog, comprehending, sped forward. One of the two cried out with terror, turned, and fired point-blank. But the dog's lunging jump saved him from the bullet; he struck like a bolt upon the man's breast and bore him backward. Kennan saw him go down, and heard, too, the fellow's head crack, like a nut, sharply upon the flags. "Hold him!" he roared to Kaiser, and fired again, this time at the other. The fleeing man gave no heed; terror of that yellow shape was in his heart, and he ran on, possessed of a thousand fears. So again Kennan fired, and as the third shot "wheneed" overhead the thief halted, set his back to the wall, and, livid, shaking with a palsy, held both hands above his head.

"I give in," he cried; "for God's sake keep off that dog!" Still weak, he held out his hands, and Kennan, disarming him, slipped the handcuffs over his wrists. "Now, go on up the street," he ordered, prodding the prisoner before him. "Are you hit anywhere?"

The man shook his head weakly. "No—but that dog—God!"

He shambled along, begging Kennan to keep the dread creature at bay; and as they drew back toward the corner there was Kaiser still standing over his prey. So there were others, too—a watchman from the neighboring stores, a knot of citizens and two others with drawn guns. Kaiser, his forefoot on the breast of the prostrate man, stood guard, growling a menace at the bystanders. "Who's there?" cried Kennan, searching their faces in the dim light of a street lamp. "Oh—it's you, Okie—hello, Terry!"

The two wardens in plain clothes, still holding their pistols forward, answered gruffly. "Take off that dog there," said Terry sharply. "Take him off, I say!"

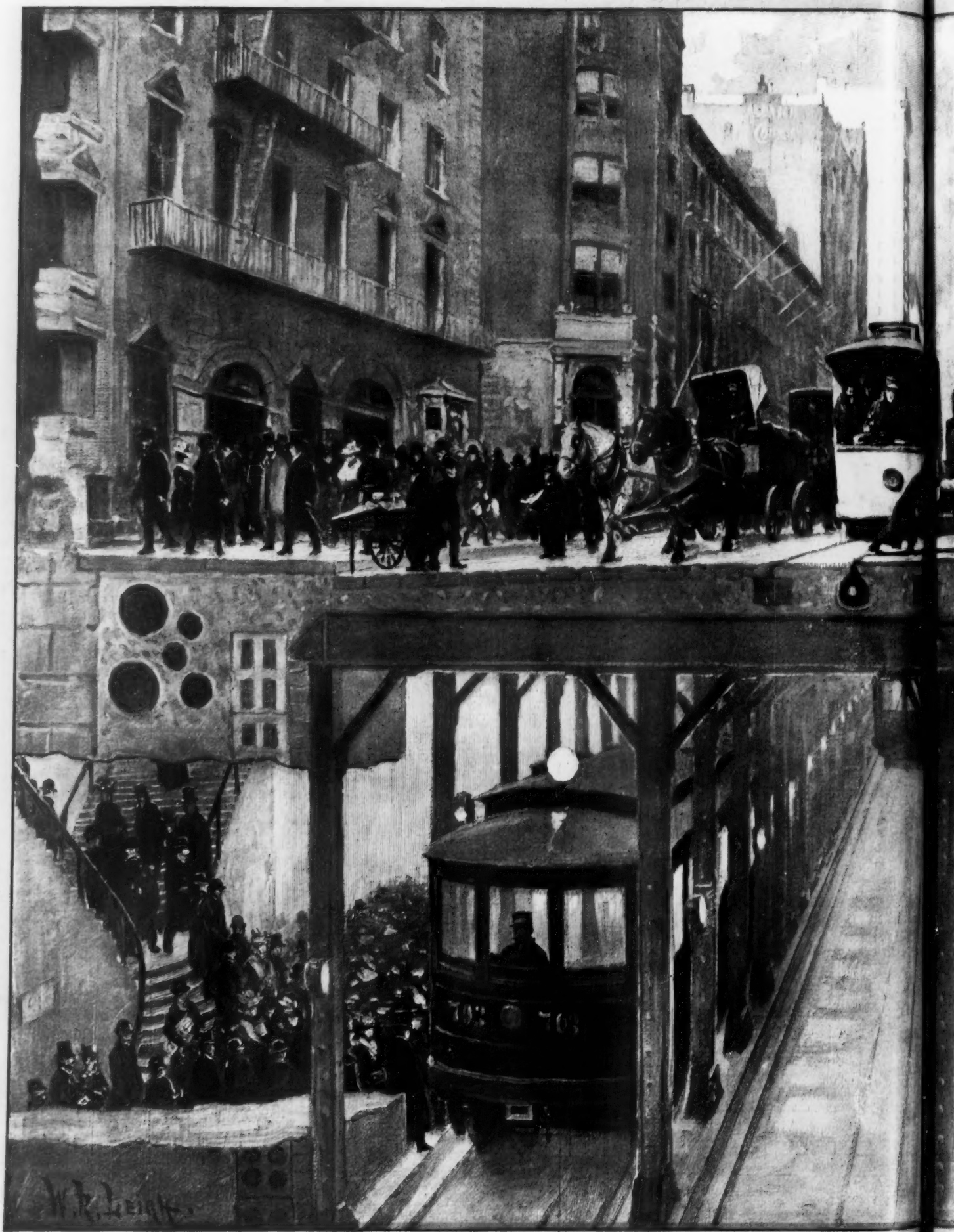
Kennan stared back in astonishment. "What for?" he retorted. "He's got his man, and, say—this with a sudden elation—"well, say, we got 'em both, didn't we?"

They gave no answer. Terry, striding up to the prisoner, thrust up the man's chin so that the white face was revealed in the gaslight. "Blast me!" the detective exclaimed, "if it ain't Red Levy—I know you, Red. Tryin' to crack the alderman's safe, hey? Who's yer pal—what's that? Don't yer give me any of your lip." With that the wardman struck the man on the jaw, and had drawn back to hit again when Kennan interposed:

"Let go there! That's my man."

Terry laughed back at him in scorn. "Yours, hey? Well, we'll just take these two guns of yours up to the house, d'ye hear? You get back to your post till you're called for." He turned his back, and fell to studying the face of the fellow lying upon the pavement. The man stirred, weakly drew himself together and tried to sit up, but at Kaiser's menacing growl he fell back again and besought them to call off the dog.

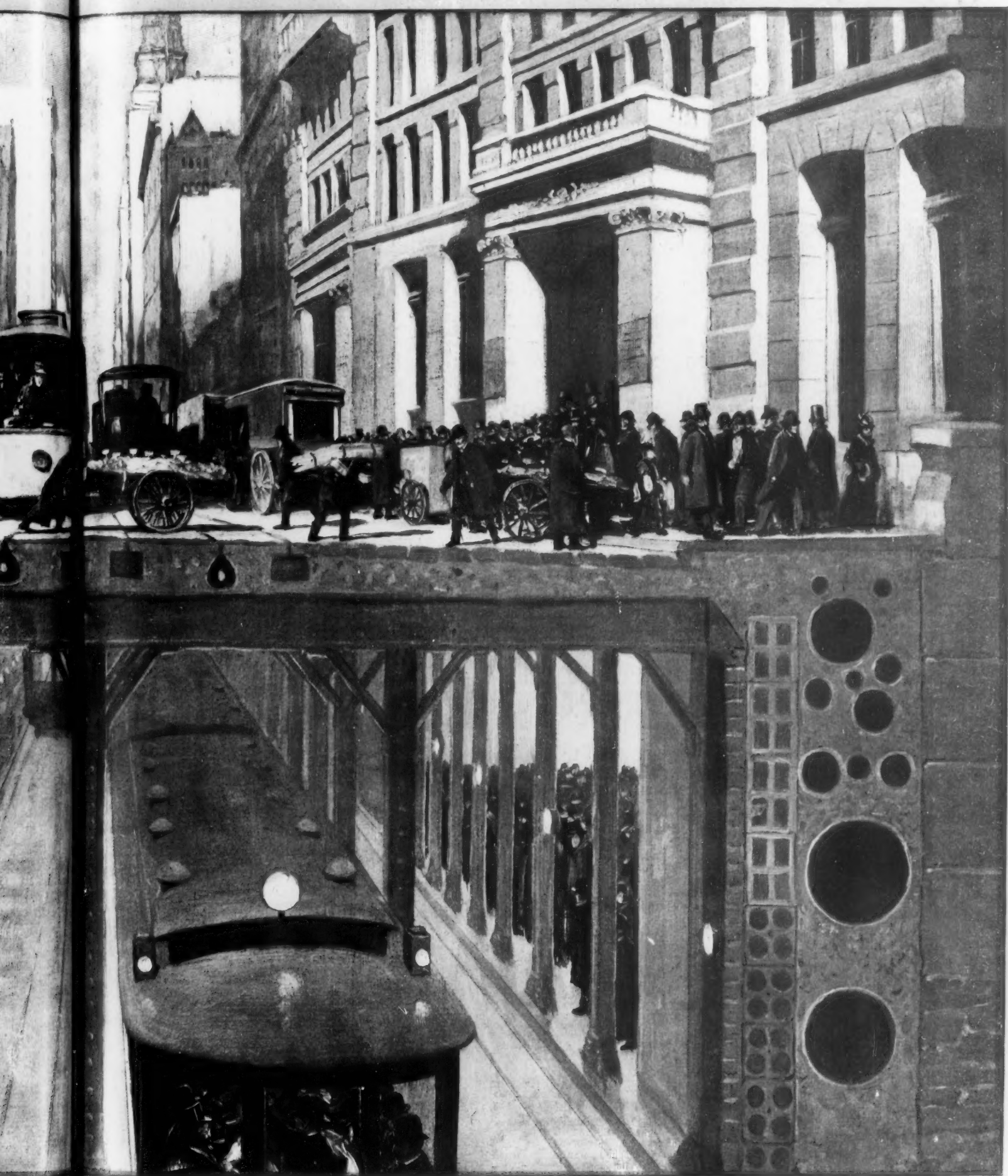
Kennan, white with anger, pushed to the front, still holding to his prisoner. "You'll take 'em, will you? I say you'll not. You two can't come any of your games on me, d'you hear?" The bystanders looked on in astonishment, perplexed at this diversion. "Let him up, Kaiser!" cried Kennan, and as the dog, still growling, slunk back a step or so the patrolman seized the other under the arm. "You'll have none of this, Mike Terry," Kennan cried savagely, "till I have my men in the house. Come along, there."



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH

"GREATER N"

HOW BROADWAY WOULD LOOK IF A TITAN'S KNIFE SHOULD SLICE IN TWO THE TRANSIT SYSTEM, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, IS PUT IN OPERATION, DURING THE CRISIS OF



ER NEW YORK"

WO THE FAMOUS ARTERY OF THE METROPOLIS WHEN THE NEW UNDERGROUND RAPID TRANSIT
HE CRUS OF BUSINESS AND HOMEWARD TRAVEL TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK



"HOLD HIM!" HE ROARED TO KAISER, AND FIRED AGAIN

It was in the mind of Terry at this juncture to call down threats on Kennan's head, but Okie cut in before him. "Ah-r, let the Harp [in the vernacular, a green Irishman] alone," he suggested. "The old man'll make him sweat for this, all right."

But Kennan said nothing, and, still clutching his quarry, made on toward the station.

It was an angry alderman that viewed the wreck of his safe that morning. It was a new safe, gaudily touched with paint and gilt, and on its face an artistic conception had been laid on after the alderman's own ideals. A mountain lake set down between frowning peaks, a multi-colored wealth of foliage and two boats going close-hauled in opposite directions was his scheme. In the middle distance uprose a granite castle, and from its battlements waved a flag bearing the legend—"Hon. P. Coogan." But all this now was a ruin. Red Levy, in the effort to search out the works of its combination, had tapped three holes in the face, and through one had forced a handful of giant powder; all of which would have further contributed to the ruin of the safe but for Kennan's interference. Still the alderman was not pleased; his inimitable masterpiece had been destroyed, and though his cash receipts were still intact he was out the price of a new treasure chest.

"Who was on the beat?" he demanded violently. "That hayseed—what? Pounding his ear [i.e. sleeping], I suppose—the lazy dog! I ain't goin' to stand for that—you keep your eye on me." He wriggled his head savagely, and Okie and Terry, leaning on the bar, turned far enough toward each other to wink with comprehensive meaning. "Well, any-law," observed the alderman, "I'm obliged to you boys for what you done. Have somethin', now," and the alderman, feeling as in duty bound, "opened wine on the house." So the three, hobnobbing over the bar, pledged one another in the alderman's champagne, the wardmen at least feeling the importance of the day.

Kennan, coming in from his tour, saluted the desk and was stepping on to the back room, when the sergeant called: "Hey—yout! Cap'n wants to see you."

Kennan saluted again. "Where's he? In his room?"

The sergeant nodded, fixing Kennan with a curious eye. Then he beckoned him to the rail. "What happened? Had a row with 'em—Okie and Terry, hey?—didn't you?"

"They tried to take my men off me. I wouldn't give up."

The sergeant got up and walked around to the gate. The back room was empty; the doorkeeper had gone back into the cells, and they were alone. "Open to advice? Good. Well, you ain't got anything to do but swallow—savvey?"

Kennan nodded, and pulled out an afternoon newspaper from his pocket. It set forth in detailed statement that the notorious cracksmen Red Levy and his pal—no less than Ike Hogan, wanted for many months—had been taken red-handed by Detectives Okie and Terry while robbing Alderman Coogan's saloon. There was no mention of Kennan; and as for Kaiser—if the reporters had so much as heard a whisper of Kaiser's share in the capture there would have been a column and a half on the front page, and with pictures too. But no word of all this in the papers—only Okie and Terry and the vigilance of the "old man" in his precinct.

"Think they'll let a patrolman get on the bridge in the police court with a big haul like that? Not much!" observed the sergeant sagely. "What's comin' here goes to the two of them." A sneer was on his lip as he spoke; he knew the wardmen of old. As things went, on the surface he was their superior; but he knew well enough that behind the captain's closed door their authority was far above his reach. Being wise, he kept silent—"kept off the grass" for his own safety.

There was no mincing matters when Kennan stood up before the "old man." "Think you're a fly cop—ain't yer? Think yer the whole layout—hey? Want to run the precinct to suit yourself? Say, you Harp! you stick your nose into things ag'in and I'll have you broke. You watch me. I'm runnin' this here house." His waking anger vented itself upon the patrolman in abuse conceived with a rare intelligence to insult and degrade—a torrent of blasphemous vituperation. And Kennan, like a whipped cur, slunk out of the room, his heart black with impotent rage at this injustice and shameful imposition. Complain? It was an invitation to destroy himself. What happened to the men that complained? Kennan knew, and so did every other member of the force. From the day he had turned in his envelope—the day he bought his place in the department—he had seen it in every guise. Without a pull or the price to pay for it, he and the others like him had no recourse to higher justice.

These, mind you, are the men who uphold the majesty of the law.

Snitch Coogan was hanging out of an upper window when Kennan passed by. "Say, you hayseed," he jibed, "par's goin' to have you broke."

Kennan flushed and passed on.

Kaiser was never seen these days around the station-house, nor did Kennan think it wise to take him out too often on his tour. Dogs, for some reason, were not popular on the force. There was one, to be sure, in the Tenderloin, and another up "with the goats," and Ganley of the Barge Office had a couple. But they were rarely seen except on the night tours; and Kennan kept Kaiser out of sight. He had brought up the dog from a pup; he could not forsake him now. He was a friend at least, and a Pike Street truckman was paid to look out for Kaiser and to feed him well. In the evening the truckman took Kaiser out for a walk, and it was a happy time for the dog when he found his old master for a while. Then as of old they patrolled the beat together, the dog fawning around the man and the two supremely happy.

"Don't you care, old Kaiser, I'll be out of it soon; they've marked me, boy. I'm as good as out. You wait till then. We'll take a trip up the country, old sport—hear me? Speak!" Kaiser, wagging his tail in an ecstasy of delight, bayed wildly at the sky, and Kennan laughed. "That's it—good dog. Gimme your paw."

So Kennan, the marked man, passed on up his beat. He knew that at the first good chance they would break him, but he hardly cared. Even Timmy, it seemed, was against him, for since the burglary at the alderman's the boy passed him coldly with a nod. He, too, had been told by the wardmen that Kennan was a "squealer" and "no good"; therefore beyond the pale.

It was the early evening a week later when Kennan walked down his beat. Through the side street he had a glimpse of the river, and the dancing white water of the tide ripples above the Bridge. A glint of sunlight lay on the distant Brooklyn shore, transforming softly its gaunt, uncouth outlines. A canal tow drew by, a rack of boats trailing behind the flat-decked Cornell steamer, and beyond was an excursion steamer, sweeping down-stream on the last of the ebb to the glare of a band forward. Kennan watched the moving scene, his hands clasped behind him, and as he looked he saw Kaiser, alone, trotting along the bulkhead. There was a crowd of children playing near; they whistled, and the dog went romping toward them. Kennan called, but the blast of a tugboat backing out into the stream drowned his voice. A moment later Kaiser had trotted out of sight.

It was off his beat—another precinct, in fact; for the Pier A men had charge of that section of the water-front. But he was half minded to go after the dog, when he saw the rounds-

man swinging down his post. That settled it; if the roundsman caught him straying like that he might just as well go up to the house and turn in his badge for good. So he walked on. "Evening, rounds," he saluted; "fine night." The roundsman growled a surly assent and passed along without halting.

Kennan had reached the corner when a cry stopped him. He heard it, thin and shrill, rising from the river-front—screams of childish terror. One glance eastward showed him a dozen loungers scrambling toward the bulkhead, and stretched along the stringpiece were others, pointing toward the river, gesticulating wildly and roaring vain commands. Kennan faltered, paused, watching the running men, and then on the jump started for the front. The cries redoubled; he turned the corner and saw a knot of people clustered at the head of the slip. They were reaching down toward the water, and as Kennan came up on the run they hauled to safety a dripping, bedraggled, howling boy. "Ow—oh—ow!" he screamed; "my shoulder—he's bitten me!" Below in the ship was Kaiser paddling against the crib-work; a man had him by the collar, and he, too, was dragged ashore.

"What's happened?" Kennan demanded breathlessly. He stared at the boy and saw it was Snitch Coogan.

Snitch was yelling with all the power of his lungs; "I'm bit—I'm bit!" A fit of coughing choked him, and the water streamed from his nose.

"No need o' rollin' him on a barrel," remarked a bystander. It was the watchman from the stores—the man who had been on the street the night of the robbery. "Say, cap'n, that dorg o' yours pulled out that kid like he was a life-saver."

Kennan nodded. "Here, you"—this to Snitch—"get out o' this and go home to your mother! G'long, now!"

Snitch had come out of his coughing fit, and had one hand clapped to his shoulder. He drew it away, and a fleck of blood lay upon his fingers. "Oh, I'm bit—I'm going to die. I'll die of dog-bite!" he wailed.

"G'wan home!" Kennan roared with exasperation. "Get out o' here! Clear out or I'll fan you good. You'd ought to pray God you ain't lyin' there in the mud—drowned, y'hear me?"

At this tragic suggestion Snitch again broke into lamentation, and, trailed by a squad of excited urchins, made his way homeward.

"Here, Kaiser—good dog!" Kennan fondled the head of his water-soaked pet, and the dog thumped the stones, tail-wise, in an ecstasy of affectionate joy. "Devil take that brat!" the patrolman muttered. "I'll bet he makes trouble for this."

The cries of Snitch Coogan preceded him, a herald of ill-tidings, striking terror upon his mother's ears. There she was, dying toward him, a horde of wild emotions transfiguring her face. Before her majesty the outcropping cloud of urchins broke and fled to the sanctuary of the other curb; and Snitch, suddenly alone, looked forward and beheld her. For an instant he paused, a thought of wild flight in his mind. But she was too near—she was on him—her strong clutch was on his arm. He had spoiled his clothes, and—oh—oh— He writhed in anticipation of the whipping in store for him.

"Turn around here, you!—what's happened?" Her hand gripped Snitch upon the shoulder with a force that tortured, and at the pressure he felt the blood from his wound trickle warmly down his back. A sudden thought flashed into his mind—by diplomacy he might escape the dreaded beating.

"Oh—oh—ow! Leggo my shoulder! It was Kennan's dog that done it—Kennan the cop. He bit me, and I fell into the river."

WITH THE UNDER DOG

The midnight squad was on the floor, and waiting. After gravely licking a blot of red ink off his thumb, the sergeant took up the slate and, in a swift sing-song, read off the detail's posts. "Logan to Post 15, Shattery to 21, Hicks to 22, Post 11 doubles to 12—all other patrolmen take their regulars. Cap'n wants to see Officer Kennan. Right about face—march!"

Kennan stepped out of line and the men, swinging by, clattered out into the night. "You're in for it," observed the sergeant calmly. "He's in there." He jabbed his pen toward the captain's room, and, having in this manner introduced Kennan to his doom, looked down and resumed the laborious occupation of ruling red lines in the blotter.

"Cap'n wants to see Officer Kennan." The patrolman knocked, walked in and closed the door behind him. He had no knowledge of the captain's wishes, but still rather dimly suspected that the afternoon's adventure had some part in the affair.

"Hush!"—Kennan's snarled the "old man." He had carpet slippers on his feet, and Kennan hated him from the feet up. His round, oily face and the two piglike eyes, protuberant and seemingly void of lids, spoke of the low craft and evil that lay within the bullet head. His nose was small—so small that Kennan wondered whether it would flatten when the day came for him to hit out from the shoulder—the day to punch once for his rights, forgetting all else. Maybe the time was coming now. But the consequences of such a blow? He remembered the outraged creature—the goaded, maddened man—a prisoner who had hit back when this one struck him in the face. Okie, Terry, the roundsman on duty, the doorkeeper and the captain, too, had driven the wretch through the gauntlet, striking wherever they could land a blow. Then when the screaming creature had been battered to a pulp they had cast him into a cell, where he had moaned a while over his wounds only to be dragged out again and mashed till he begged on his knees for mercy. Mercy! They had kicked him for his plea; and the rest was a hospital record. Would they treat him that way, thought Kennan, when he, too, struck? "Kennan!" The captain motioned the patrolman to stand before him. Then the despot folded his arms and fixed a staring eye on him. A minute passed; Kennan understood as the glare continued, and a sneer lifted the corner of his lip. Trying the third degree on him, eh? In the records of the department was the story of a past superior who, by the uncanny coldness of his eye, could make the hardened criminal writhe before him. But the captain had hardly an eye like that. Kennan could think only of a pig staring through the bars of its pen; and he grinned sardonically. At this a flush of anger overwhelmed the other.

"What you grinnin' at, you loafer?" He sprang to his feet, his fist clenched. "I got a mind to break you!" Kennan kept his counsel, fighting off the wild anger in his breast. "Say—wasn't you told to get rid of that dog? I'll learn you smart Alecs who's runnin' this precinct. You go up on charges—I'll fix you! Off post, disobedience o' orders, and abusin' a citizen."

Kennan squared himself together: "It's a lie!" The captain's face grew livid with fury. "Tell me a lie!" "The citizen that says I abused him lied. Who was he?"

The other turned away growling—disappointed, perhaps, at missing his prey. But a moment's reflection brought him back roaring, as it were, to the charge. It was young Mr. Coogan—the alderman's son.

Kennan stared in astonishment. "Him!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dog saved that little sneak's life to-day. He was in the river and Kaiser pulled him out. But for him he'd gone under the pier."

It was the captain's turn now to sneer. "That's your talk, is it? That d— cur o' yours bit the boy—the alderman hisself says so—yes, and slung him off the string-piece—that's what happened."

"I don't believe it," averred Kennan; "the dog never bit no one."

"Think what you choose, Mr. Kennan." He paused an instant, and a grin of diabolical portent shot over his purple face. Then he licked his lips. "You go down now and shoot that dog—y'hear me? I ain't goin' to have no savage animals truckin' round my precinct. He's dead to-morrow noon or you're broke. Get out o' here, now! Y'hear what I say?"

Kennan walked out of the room, saluted the desk and strode down the stairs. Kill Kaiser, his one friend in that calamitous place? Kennan vowed to himself and all the saints that the bullet would find a way to his own breast first. Straight to the stable he went, and the dog ran out, leaping about his knees and whimpering with joy. "They want me to knock you on the head, Kaiser—lay you out stiff. D'you mind?"

The dog crouched, wagging his tail, but the look in his face was only joy—misunderstanding, a question—was it a bone? "If they come here about the dog tell them he's dead. I'll take him off to-morrow." Then straight back to the station, where the sergeant still persistently employed himself ruling red lines on the blotter.

"Where's the captain?" Clamping the ruler to its place, the sergeant ran the pen along its edge and dipped again into the ink. "Out," he answered. "What you want?"

Kennan laid his club upon the desk and unhooked the pin of his badge from its leather flap. "There's my badge—I'm going to quit."

Calmly, conscientious in the observance of this important duty, the sergeant ruled another line. "Don't be a d— fool!" said he. His pen spluttered slowly along the page, came to a halt and wandered backward to the inkwell. "Don't be a d— fool—go down and relieve your post."

For an instant Kennan hesitated, and verily he hesitates is lost. "All right—guess I am a d— fool. But d'you know why I was goin' to sling up the job?"

"Yep," answered the sergeant, and ruled another line.

In all these proceedings Timmy Coogan had an intimate interest. If Snitch had gone overboard, who had saved him? Snitch couldn't swim—he was even too big a coward to try to learn. Timmy walked down to the river-front, and by judicious questioning learned the facts, or rather an inkling of them. Then he ran across the night watchman—the man from the stores. "Oh, sure the dog saved the lad. An' he says he was bit first, and knocked off the bulkhead? Sure that ain't so—I see it wit' me own eyes." To this the watchman added a few violent but convincing oaths, which Timmy, on the whole, rather admired for their fluency. "An' the dog beelongs to the cop, too, what took the burglars out of yer father's place—the alderman."

"What's that?" demanded Timmy, with a gleam of quickened interest.

The story was out. Timmy heard it to the last detail. Then he went home.

Peace hath its victories as well as war, and Snitch slept, calm in his strategic success. But from this he was rudely aroused. A hand was in his hair, and a voice in his ear whispered: "Where'll you have it now—back or ribs?"

Terror and astonishment confused the victim's mind. "Ribs," he answered, the word slipping from him. "Ow—what for?—ooh!—I ain't done nothin'!"

"You little sneak—what happened about the dog?"

Snitch, writhing in fear, tried to shriek for help, but a pillow drowned his cries. Half-smothered, he begged for mercy, and his stepbrother, with no gentle touch, helped him to a sitting posture. "What happened now?"

Snitch began to cry. "I tripped and fell off the dock. She'd a' licked me if she found out."

Timmy, with the eye of an accusing judge, glowered upon him, contempt visible in every line of his face. "What about the dog?"

Again Snitch sniveled feebly. "He—ah, don't ye thump me—ooh! The dog jumped in and grabbed me. He bit me in the shoulder—ow, it hurts!"

Timmy felt that without maiming the wretched child he could not do justice to the occasion. So without further torments he bade Snitch arise, and then, with one hand entwined in his hair, propelled him to the room where the alderman perused the evening newspaper.

"What's this—what's this?" cried the father, and at his exclamation Mrs. Coogan bustled into the room. Overcome with speechless indignation, she raised her hands

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The Pathos of the Clubwoman

By KATE MASTERSON



"NOTHING BUT INSUFFICIENCY WILL DRIVE A WOMAN TO THE CLUBS"

MANY PEOPLE confound their ideas of the modern clubwoman with the more belligerent feminine ballot-seeker anxious for a hand in affairs of political importance. The clubwoman has grown to be a title significant, with the unknowing, of infatuation, the latch-key, the loud voice, the woman unafraid and, above all, the woman independent of man.

But while the clubwoman is undoubtedly progressive, and the opposite of the clinging-vine type, she is very rarely masculine in appearance, and even then her soul is hopelessly feminine under her golf waistcoat and riding-stock. She is likely to be duffy in dress and sports her chiffons quite audaciously at meetings which are apt to degenerate into receptions. She likes tea and tattle quite as well as her home-staying sister, and her most irresistible charm is a certain wistful pathos that looks out of her eyes unconsciously. No true sympathizer with the woman's actual unfitness for life outside the

home can fail to read this question in the eyes of the clubwoman—even the clubbiest of them.

The clubwoman is a satire as yet, whatever the future may prove her, and all satires are sad. Despite the position that she has made for herself, the proof that she has given of her ability for organization, even to the procuring of club quarters, impressive feastings at big hotels, and the fact that she generally is accepted as the typical new woman, there is no getting away from the self-evident truth that nothing but insufficiency will drive a woman to the clubs.

Woman nowadays, with her fads, her outdoor life, her music, her grooming, her gowns, her beaux, not to speak of home, husband and children, lives a life too full with duties and pleasures to allow for even a casual interest in clubs. Even the booky woman will enjoy her favorite author, the outdoor girl will take a horseback ride or a trudge over the links in preference to the tame enjoyment offered at these manless



"THE INDIVIDUAL CLUBWOMAN IS... DELIGHTFUL"

WITH THE UNDER DOG

to heaven and waited for the wrath to fall upon her stepson. But no wrath befell, and Timmy still clung to his stepbrother's hair.

"Say, dad, how d'you like playing a come-on?" After duly observing the effect of these words, Timmy yanked Switch to a place before the alderman and pointed one finger at the quailing youth. "See this? Well, it's a liar and a sneak!"

Mrs. Coogan, with an ejaculation of horror, snatched away her child. "How dast you talk like that, you brat!" she cried. Timmy grinned.

"Dad, what happened to-day was like this: Switch, he fell off the dock and Kennan's dog jumped in and saved him. He was hit because Kaiser took a good bolt of him. If he hadn't, Switch 'ud be playing with the eels and tomatoes to-night. That's how he got hit."

The alderman wheeled about in his chair and glowered upon Switch. "You got me to make a fool of myself, hey?" he demanded. "Was that what you did? Makin' me go up and put it to the perlice. Is what he says true?"

Switch cast an appealing glance at his mother, but she was speechless at the turn of affairs. "I was skeert she'd lick me for spoilin' my clothes!" he blubbered, "and Timmy soaked me in the ribs till I had to tell."

A brick-red glow of apoplexy burned behind the alderman's ears and his cheeks puffed in the effort to find words. Noting this gathering of the storm, Mrs. Coogan seized Switch and retreated toward the door. "Take him away—take him away!" The alderman rose in his chair with a gesture of violence. "Take him away or I'll break every bone in his body. Makin' me out a fool to the perlice—ho!" He fell back, snorting with rage.

"Dad," interrupted Timmy, "they're going to shoot the dog. He belongs to a particular friend of mine—Officer Kennan."

A fresh burst of anger displayed itself in the alderman's choleric face. "That d—hayseed—hey? He brings me nothin' but trouble."

But this frenzy soon passed. The dog had committed no evil—had saved the life of Switch, in fact. Timmy clearly pointed out this fact to his father. "All right," the alderman conceded, "they shan't kill the dog." He sat there, still shaking with a last gust of anger, and Timmy waited, his mind set to finish this matter to the last jot. "Well, what d'you want now? Git to bed!"

But Timmy had no thought of going to bed—at least for a while. He studied the carpet, tracing the pattern with his toe; then suddenly confronted his father again. "Say, dad, how d'you like being a come-on, anyhow?"

The alderman, still puffing with anger, had picked up his evening paper, but at this he lunged it from him with an exclamation of rage. "What you got to say?" he demanded.

Timmy again fell to studying the carpet.

"Nothing—only that's what they're playing you for."

"Who?" The alderman's wrath was fast rising to the bursting point.

"Those cops up at the station house. Look at here, dad. You know what really happened? It was Kennan that caught Red Levy and his pal robbing the place—not those two duffers Okie and Terry. They never caught anything—less it was a cold sleeping out on post nights."

"The wardmen—what you talkin' about anyhow? Didn't they tell me how they done it? Say, what you drivin' at?"

Timmy turned on him with a flood of explanation. He gave the story in detail, omitting nothing: Kennan had done the whole thing. "They wanted to get solid with you for a pull. So they took his men off him and the captain stood for it. Why, every man in the precinct's laughing at the way they fooled you."

Bewilderment assumed the place of rage upon the alderman's florid face. "Hey—what's that? Laughin' at me, are they?" Again rage gained the mastery. "Laughin' at me—I'll show 'em. I'll have 'em sent up to the goats—I'll break 'em. I'll make 'em wish they hadn't never put eyes on me. I'll fix 'em!" And, furthermore and to the point, the alderman was able and willing to do it. He fixed every detail in his memory, and, wild with the thought of having so far played the fool, this pompous ruler of a little kingdom strode outraged to the door.

"You're not going to the cap'n, are you?" inquired Timmy. "He's as bad as the rest of them."

"To the cap'n? Not much! I'm goin' higher up. I'll have him sent up with the goats, too." And with splanetic frenzy the alderman flung himself out of doors, bound on a stirring mission uptown.

"Shot that dog yet?" inquired the sergeant the following afternoon. He had between times ruled a bewildering tracery of red lines upon the blotter, and was still ruling more. Kennan had just come in. He halted, and shook his head sullenly.

"I ain't going to, either."

The sergeant still bent over his ruler. "Well, you needn't."

"What's that?" cried Kennan.

The sergeant leaned back and smiled complacently upon his work. He then gravely heked the red ink from his thumb and looked up. "Case of district leader—Coogan. 'Old man's' sent up with the goats. He leaves to-morrow."

Kennan stared at him dumfounded.

"Who you makin' gooky eyes at, Kennan?"

The patrolman shook himself together and saluted. He started toward the back room, and the sergeant softly called him back.

"Want to be a d—fool?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Kennan meekly.

"Then don't," advised the sergeant, and ruled another line.

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tions.

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manless woman. True, there
are matrons with sons and
daughters high in the lists of
woman's clubdom, but there
are any number of matrons
who through professions,
sports and the allurements
of modern life are practically
widowed wives. Wall Street's
fascinations keep more men
away from their firesides
evenings than any siren that
ever sang, and golf, polo and
scientific studies and pursuits
conspire to rob from many a
woman the companionship of

the man she married. This is the type of
married woman you will find in the clubs.
Never the worshipped wife who will tell you
that Jack or Tom or Dick is not in favor of
the idea. In reality, Jack and Tom are too
fond of their wives to allow either one of them
to accept any other interest in life except him
as the one thing needful.

This type of woman, like the married flirt,
the belle, the beauty, you find not in the
clubs, nor does the busy society woman fre-
quent them, nor the athletically inclined
female. The club girl is more interesting
than any of these; for she has, invariably,
passed epochs and discovered things such
as the Insincerity of Man, the Impossibility
of Man, the Egotism of Man, all to be summed
up under the heading—the Wrong Sort of
Man. It is the lack of the right man that
makes clubwomen just as it makes strong
women.

No woman with an adoring husband, or
even a sweetheart or brother of the right
sort, ever devoted herself through choice to
lifting heavy weights with her
teeth or supporting a dining-
room table on her out-
stretched arm. Even the
Fat Woman at the museum
forsakes professional life
when the Living Skeleton be-
comes enamored of her pro-
fuseness and weds her.

And so the clubwoman,
with her brave air of being
thoroughly sufficient to her-
self, is in reality consoling
herself for the lack of the
Impossible He. Like a nun,
she is more interesting to
study than her sister who is
consciously possessed of more
satisfying and tangible joys
than those offered by the
club. For while love makes
women happy it takes their mentality with
it, a mentality that has taught the club-
woman to grapple with a situation by deftly
assuming an aggressive independence when
in reality she is a retaliation against con-
ditions.

But the individual clubwoman is by far too
delightful to be grouped as she is in the sev-
eral organizations. She is invariably cultured;
is apt to be over-intelligent as a rule. Like
Villon, she "knows all save herself alone,"
and would resent any sympathy that might
express the idea that as a unit she is far
more charming than as a molecule. No one
could tell her that effectively but some nice
man, and, unfortunately, nice men do not
frequent the receptions of the woman's
clubs.

In fact, most of the receptions are purely
feminine functions. One progressive club of
women has a clever idea of entertaining one



male celebrity at its recep-
tions, and these occasions,
sad though they be, have
an impetus that the strictly
feminine gatherings lack,
for clubwomen adore a celeb-
rity. There is a deep signifi-
cance in these facts.

Other clubs give after-
noons and send out cards,
but the man one meets,
usually, at a woman's club
reception is of the sort that
only a Gilbert could ade-
quately describe. In fact,
they suggest London's long-
haired decadents. Looking
at them, one cannot fail to
understand why the women
who know them and are married to them
join clubs. For though they are often in-
tellectual and well-mannered, they are never
even a trifle absorbing.

The avowed object of the woman's club is
said to be a profit through mutual associa-
tion, social intercourse, sympathy in pro-
fessions, for nearly all of the clubwomen are
of the professions—writers, actors, teachers,
artists—many of them eminent. How much
this union has profited them has not yet been
demonstrated. They have proved their ability
for organization, and this is much. It is pos-
sible that future results may be fittingly ade-
quate.

But the clubwoman being as a rule a
woman without illusions, with whom ambi-
tion has taken the place of a longing for
violet bouquets—and this is a sad time in a
woman's life—it must be conceded that much
of the enthusiasm and thrill of living has de-
parted from her. Man has ceased to be her
slave or else he never was. She is a queen
without subjects, and it is but natural that
meeting her sisters, also de-
posed monarchs, there must
be a mutual knowledge of
the situation that robs such
occasions of much joy and
the real warmth of compani-
onship.

The clubwoman glories and
boasts of her lack of domes-
ticity. "I can't say that I
keep house," she says naively,
"but something goes on!"
This is eloquent. But it is the
standard of the clubwoman
that intimate relations with
the grovelling details of home-
making are not conducive to
the higher life. Sometimes
one wonders if it is not this
condition that produces the
clubwoman's husband. Per-
haps, after all, he is a result and not a
cause.

But the clubwoman is yet infantile in her
development and she may evolve into some-
thing wonderful, powerful and grand. Wo-
men's club receptions may yet lure poets
from their desks and brokers from their
poker, and the clubwoman will have gained,
at least, a happy and contented expression.
The wrinkles will go out of her brow and
the wistfulness will no longer dwell in her
eyes.

At present she is a fascinating mystery,
impenetrable except for that one touch of
pathos that marks her as having taken the
plunge into the vortex of tea and chocolate
and cakes that is called woman's club life—
for want of a restraining hand to hold her
back from the precipice and point out prime-
rose paths into the sunset. What the future
holds the future will bring forth.

NOT THE MAN TO "POINT OUT
PRIMROSE PATHS"



"UNDER THE BOUGHS OF THE HOLLY TREE"

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

"Whither away, O Neil Mac Donald,
Whither away so fleet his eye?"
"I have a tryst to keep, my mother,
Under the boughs of the holly tree."

"Go ye not, O Neil Mac Donald!
Go ye not, prithee! prithee!"
"I must keep the tryst, my mother,
Under the boughs of the holly tree."

Over the burn bounds Neil Mac Donald,
Through the bracken plunges he;
He has won to the purple shadows
Under the boughs of the holly tree.

"O my love!" cries Neil Mac Donald;
"O my love! my love!" cries she;
And their lips are met together
Under the boughs of the holly tree.

Bitter the frost upon the moorside,
Bitter the frost, but what reck he,
With his arms about Fiorina
Under the boughs of the holly tree!

"What is that I hear, beloved?
What is that dark shape I see?"
"You but dream, my Neil Mac Donald,
Under the boughs of the holly tree!"

"He dreams not, your Neil Mac Donald,
Sister, false as the falsest be!"
Hark!—the clan-call of Mac Gregor
Under the boughs of the holly tree!

Hark!—the clan-call of Mac Gregor!
Every man has a weird to dreer;
He has dreed his, Neil Mac Donald,
Under the boughs of the holly tree

*"The daintiest
last, to make the
end most sweet."
—Shakespeare.*

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would
have your
guests carry
away most
pleasant
memories
serve
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for
dessert

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and their playing qualities
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boxes or five
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of heavy work; also small size for boys,
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you follow the same plans. We tell all
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In reply to your communication of recent date I take pleasure in saying that you made the sale of my Maryland property as promptly as could be expected and the deal was closed up in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Geo. W. Billings, 21 Case Avenue, Cleveland, O.

A CALIFORNIA SALE FOR A NEW YORK CLIENT.

By placing some California property I had for sale in your hands, I found you could sell real estate no matter where located. Thanking you for the courtesy in the transaction, I am, yours very truly, Chas. B. Parent, Bickton, N. Y.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS

A FLORIDA SALE FOR A CONNECTICUT CLIENT.

I was more than pleased to receive check for the price of my home and lot in De Soto County, Florida, and I want to commend the skill and promptness with which you have handled the transaction. Mrs. Emily L. Perkins, Terryville, Conn.

A NEW JERSEY SALE FOR A MASSACHUSETTS CLIENT.

We have received the check in full payment for our New Jersey property. It is a remarkable fact that this property has been on the market and in the hands of various agents for more than twenty years and your success in making a cash sale in a short time is proof to us that you are the only agent who ever made a real effort to dispose of it. Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Whittemore, Athol, Mass.

W. M. OSTRANDER

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As nearly as I can estimate, the average net cost of the booklet, typewritten letter and other matter which I send to each inquirer, is a trifle under twenty-one cents. This is all free (when description and price of property for sale are sent), but I find that there are some people who demand the privilege of paying for it. They want my plan, but as they do not intend to employ my services they hesitate about accepting something for nothing. If you are one of these very sensitive people you are at liberty to send ten two-cent stamps, along with the description of your property. But I would rather send the information entirely free. It brings me business. I want to get it into the hands of every man and woman who has property for sale. That is why it is free.

OPPORTUNITIES for

YOUNG MEN in WALL STREET

By HENRY CLEWS

ENTERING WEDGE EASIER THAN OF YORE

ARE THE opportunities for young men in Wall Street as great or as numerous to-day as in years gone by? Whenever this question is put to me I unhesitatingly answer Yes. I have, indeed, been answering this query in the affirmative ever since I first entered Wall Street forty-four years ago. Of course, I first assured myself of this fact before offering such assurance to others.

The start in life for a young man fifteen years of age is much easier to-day than it was from a quarter to a half century ago. Parents who were intent on getting a son a start in an office in former times were obliged, in most instances, to pay fifty dollars the first year for the privilege. At the end of the second year he received fifty dollars, and fifty dollars advance for every year afterward until the end of the fifth year, which completed his apprenticeship. He was then employed according to his value as estimated by his ability and the use he had made of his five years' experience.

Our young man of the present day enjoys the distinction of entering upon business without any idea of apprenticeship, and instead of his parents having to advance money to his employers the latter give him from three to four dollars a week to start with; and before he has been in business two years he strikes for seven, ten, or even fifteen dollars a week.

A seat on the Stock Exchange to-day costs a hundredfold more than when I first came to Wall Street; yet membership is much more easily obtained now than then. I entered the "Street" right after the panic of 1857. This panic and its immediate results created a revolution in the methods of doing business in Wall Street. Prior to this time the antique element had ruled; but the crisis of '57 sounded the death-knell of "old-fogyism" in Wall Street. A younger race of financiers arose and filled the places of many of the old, conservative leaders who had failed during the panic.

Until that time the idea prevailed that those engaged in financial matters must be persons well advanced in years, even to the verge of infirmity. The efforts of young men to gain an entrance to the Stock Exchange were regarded as presumptuous. It was practically impossible, without powerful and wealthy patrons, for a young man to obtain membership in the New York Stock Exchange in those old-fashioned days.

It was then that the idea struck me that there was a chance for young men in Wall Street to come to the front. The commissions charged at that time were an eighth of one per cent for buying and selling respectively. Not being a member of the Exchange, I offered to buy and sell stocks at a sixteenth of one per cent each way. This was a bombshell in the camp of the "old fogies." While they lost customers, I steadily gained them. The result was that they were glad to admit me to their ranks in order that I might be kept amenable to their rules. The total cost of my membership was only five hundred dollars, which is in striking contrast to the seventy thousand dollars which was recently paid for a seat. Thus was young America planted in Wall Street, and ever since then the youthful element in this country has held an important place in financial matters.

NIGHT AND DAY STUDY OF THE MARKET

The young man who expects to succeed in Wall Street should begin the study of the stock market at the very outset of his career. It is difficult to lay down absolute rules for the study of a subject that is constantly presenting new conditions. One invariable rule there is, but it requires large capital and patience. It is this: Buy only what you can put up good margins upon, then follow the precept of Baron Rothschild—"Buy only when cheap and sell when dear." The veriest financial infant can see the force of this.

Yet even this precept has its weak points. How can a person be absolutely certain that a given stock is cheap or dear at a given time? You say, by comparison. But if he compares the price with what it was at any past period he must also be able to state all the facts which existed at that period having any bearing on this stock; and since these facts may run into the hundreds as to number, and into all parts of the country as to place, our learner has a heavy contract on hand. Then, too, he must bring to bear a clear judgment and a resolution such as soldiers exercise when they charge batteries, and he must be prepared to learn next day that he was wrong. So it is apparent that this so-called "safe" road to success has its stumbling-blocks as well as others, though not so dangerous. Young men who follow this simplest of all Wall Street rules are not tempted to defalcation and—suicide.

He who trusts to mere rumors and upon them bases his studies of the stock market quickly fits himself for treasons,

stratagems and spoils. For rumor is always uncertain and the longer it survives the more untrustworthy it becomes. But to study facts leads to generally accurate conclusions and hence to wise transactions.

How is the student to obtain facts? From trustworthy sources. Young men will do well to avoid the slippery tips of professional pointers and seek the advice of those who, by their position and experience, have established a reputation as authorities on financial topics.

Instead of paying the regular commission charged in first-class brokerage offices too many young speculators make the error of going to places where cheaper terms are offered. They forget that in paying the greater cost of transactions with reputable brokers they are also securing the benefit of advice that is as near to being expert as any advice can be in Wall Street. Obviously one does not become a physician merely by adding M.D. to his name, nor an editor by occupying the editorial chair.

TRAPS AT EVERY STEP—TREAD CAREFULLY

A pitfall in the regular stock market is the small margin system. Men who speculate on small margins, two and three per cent, acquire reckless habits of dealing and degenerate into gamblers pure and simple. They are almost certain to be losers because the odds operate against them and they are wiped out.

I have spoken of the professional point-giver. These men dig some of the deepest and most precipitous pitfalls for the unwary. And there is still another dangerous place in the path of the young speculator, namely, the belief that because a certain description of shares mounts above previous calculation of the general market it is therefore desirable to buy into it after it has mounted during a long period of time. This contradicts both experience and the laws of nature. The higher the wave gets the weaker it is at the top, but its base is always strong. The most careful students of the stock market base their actions on the firm truth that the market is never so weak as when it is high and never so strong as when it is low, like that ancient wrestler who, whenever his antagonist forced him to the ground, received from Mother Earth a redoubled allowance of strength.

One other pitfall I must name, and that is the habit of tak-

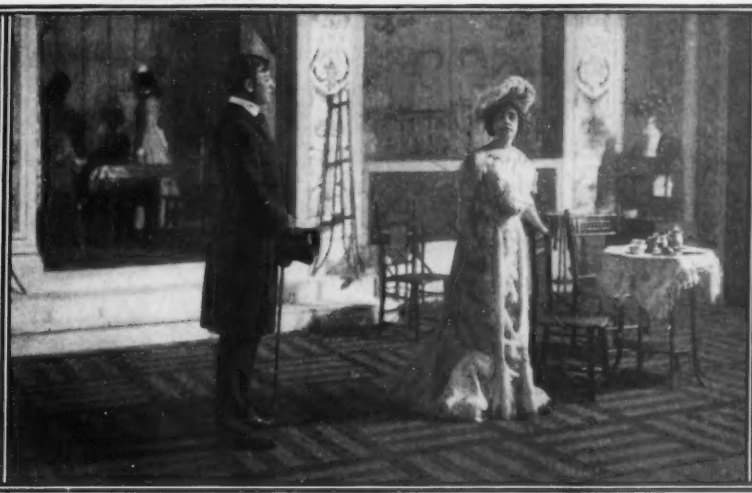
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NEW YORK'S LATEST THEATRICAL EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL



CHARLES RICHMAN AND MARGARET ANGLIN IN "THE WILDERNESS," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



ELEANOR ROBSON

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the English actress who recently appeared for the first time in New York at the Theatre Republic, has been successful for about ten years. Pincro, the dramatist, made her by choosing her to create the title part in his drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Previous to that time she had been playing in second-rate London theatres and in the provinces. After acting as Mrs. Tanqueray for several hundred nights, Mrs. Campbell failed completely as the heroine in "The Masked Raters," by Henry Arthur Jones. Opinions concerning her capabilities varied astonishingly, and they have continued to vary, though meanwhile Mrs. Campbell has established herself at the head of her own company and has won a large following among English play-goers.

Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that Mrs. Campbell should fill the theatre with her first New York audience, though she had chosen for her medium Sudermann's depressing play, "Home," better known by the title used in the English versions, "Magda." This work was first given here in English by Madame Modjeska, and it has since been seen with Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and Mrs. Fiske; Bernhardt, whom it perfectly suited, being far and away its best interpreter. When Mrs. Campbell appeared, she at once recalled Duse in face and in bearing. She suggested indeed an Anglicized version of the Italian actress—slight, graceful, with a face marked by pensiveness in place of Duse's deep melan-

choly. Her voice, too, had something of the quality of Duse's voice, with here and there a disagreeable nasal suggestion. She showed self-possession, power to hold an audience, and exceptional skill in managing her stage business. She walked with a really extraordinary grace. The faults most quickly apparent were self-consciousness, a tendency to pose—betrayed in her constant display of her profile and a trick of opening wide her handsome dark eyes—and a thinness of voice and of power of expression. At first one wondered if she were really beautiful, or if her charm came from the effect of simplicity, produced by the simple arrangement of her hair, by her taste in make-up and in dress, and by her absolute lack of affectation. Compared with the ultra-English accent of some of her associates, which seemed grotesque coming from the lips of German characters, Mrs. Campbell's pure speech, almost wholly free from any distinctive accent, was particularly refreshing. As the play progressed, it became plain that she was an actress of very uncommon qualities, with insight, capacity for varied expression, humor, and intensity. Her intensity quickly developed into a fault, her worst fault, a habit of declaiming the stronger passages, instead of keeping them, as dialogue written in the realistic manner ought always to be kept, colloquial. Frequently, too, she seemed more skilful than sincere; she often interested the mind without touching the emotions. Nevertheless, she must be rated among the few leading actresses

on the English-speaking stage. It is a great satisfaction to see in our theatres an actress of methods so refined and subtle.

At the Empire Theatre, Mr. Charles Frohman has opened the season with his stock company in one of the feeblest plays of the year, "The Wilderness," by H. V. Esmond. It is hard to understand how such material, coarse, vulgar, flippant and tedious, could have been accepted for production. As the sentimental hero, looking for the woman who will marry him for himself, and finding an adventuress who accepts him solely for his money, Mr. Charles Richman was hopelessly out of his element. Miss Margaret Anglin, on the other hand, actually rose superior to the author and played an odious part, unredeemed by the sudden conversion in the last act, as if it were worthy of her efforts. This actress has succeeded by the sheer force of her ability. With success, too, has come a knowledge of how to dress.

At Wallack's Theatre, Mr. Kyle Bellew, after a long absence from this country, has reappeared, presenting a version of "A Gentleman of France," made by Miss Harriet Ford. The piece contains strenuous situations, in which Mr. Bellew's vigorous talent finds full scope. That promising young actress Miss Eleanor Robson plays the heroine with a really beautiful discretion. She will unquestionably take a high place among our players.

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We make it easy all the way through, sending your selection subject to examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery and prepaying all express charges. We guarantee weights and quality, absolutely, and will make liberal exchanges at any time. Step into your local bank and ask about our standing in *Dun's* and *Randolph's* books of commercial ratings. You will be told that we are one of the largest jewelry houses in the country and responsible beyond question. Write today for our illustrated booklet "Paying for Diamonds," showing styles, prices, etc. Ask for a Lucky Pocket Piece and Calendar. We sell Watches, Jewelry and Silverware of every description on the same easy terms, but if you prefer to pay cash we will give you the regular trade discount of eight per cent.

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BUCKLEY INCUBATOR CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

THE NEW CHIEFTAIN OF TAMMANY HALL



LEWIS NIXON is now the leader of New York's famous political organization, known all over the civilized world under the generic name of "Tammany Hall"; for, in his favor, Richard Croker announced his retirement from the leadership of the Tammany organization of New York, at the annual meeting of the executive committee on January 11. Mr. Nixon was born at Leesburg, Virginia, in 1861. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1882, and some two years later was given a responsible government post in the construction department of the navy. The United States battleships "Oregon," "Indiana," and "Massachusetts" were designed by him. He founded and operated upon his own account, six years ago, the Crescent Shipyard at Elizabethport, New Jersey. His New Jersey shipyard is credited with an output of a hundred vessels, among them the submarine torpedo boat "Holland" and the monitor "Florida." His nomination to the leadership of Tammany was, so it is reported, a complete surprise to himself, but he accepted the appointment without hesitation, expressing confidence in his ability to fill the post of "Great Sachem" efficiently.

YOUNG MEN IN WALL STREET

(CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

ing small profits and large losses. The speculator puts up ten per cent margin and buys X, Y, Z, at 75. The shares fall one, two, three or more points. Suppose that he is merely the kind of a speculator whose gains proceed from turning a small capital frequently. Is it not his most obviously plain course of action to drop his purchase at 73 and take his chances of buying in again? Most of us would say Yes. But, as a matter of fact, he will not drop out until his ten per cent margin is exhausted. On the other hand, if X, Y, Z, had gone up to 77 or 78, and then shown a tendency to sag off, this same operator would have at once closed the transaction, thus showing a willingness to gain by twos and threes and lose by tens. An English novelist once wrote: "There are at this moment ten thousand Englishmen wandering homeless and penniless over the Continent of Europe because they would not lead trumps at the proper time." So any well-informed broker can say: "There are thousands of American citizens who are to-day poor, who would not cut short their losses and let their profits run on."

STOCK DEALING NOT ALL BLIND GAMBLING

The young man who in Wall Street studies real values must not be content with that alone. He must also study the facts that, in stress and storm, make real values fluctuate as wildly in manner, if not in amount, as those of the most fanciful securities.

By the study of real values I mean, of course, harvests and so on. The fact of large harvests in 1891 in this country, coupled with the fact of poor harvests in Europe the same year, led to the conclusion that our grain would be in demand for foreign shipment, and that the earnings of our railroads would be increased. Hence judicious students bought stocks for a rise. Then the fact that stocks rose and kept on rising, coupled with the fact that the general public were buyers, and with the additional fact that the public prefer not to buy at all unless prices are high, led these same judicious students to sell the same stocks during the prevalence of the high prices. Now the wise conclusions at which these students arrived after the study of the facts made money for them, first as bulls and then as bears.

CLEAVE TO THE COAT-TAILS OF THE OLD-TIMERS

I am planting the path of success in Wall Street with so many difficulties that young men who read this may conclude that it is impossible to command success in the financial world until a man has one foot in the grave. Be this as it may, it will undoubtedly be of profit to every young man to keep an eye on the veterans of the Street. In time of panic these old fellows, after a long interval of retirement in their homes, will suddenly appear in Wall Street hobbling on their canes down to their brokers' offices. Then they buy stocks to the extent of their bank balances. The panic usually rages until enough of these cash purchases have been made to afford a big "rake in." These "Foxy Grandpas" of the Street then retire for another period. If young men only had the patience to watch the speculative signs of the times, as manifested in the periodical appearance of the veterans at their old haunts in Wall Street, they could make money at these intervals. For on the eve of a panic the veterans are sure to be seen, like spiders creeping from their cobwebs just before a rain. If you only wait to see them purchase and then put up a fair

margin for yourselves you can hardly fail to realize handsome profits.

I do not wish to unduly encourage this habit, however, any more than the habit of following points which are supposed to emanate from big operators and which too often end in loss to young speculators. For under these conditions the youngsters are apt to become slavish in their thoughts, having their minds entirely subjected to others who are supposed to think for them. Consequently they fail to cultivate the self-reliance that is indispensable to success in Wall Street or out of it.

GILDED YOUTH NOT A GLITTERING SUCCESS

As to the kind of young men who are most likely to succeed in Wall Street I cannot lay down any general qualifications excepting that of temperament, by which I mean a natural bent for the business of finance. As in many another line of work, those who are not rich seem to make progress the quickest. I have usually found that the sons of independent gentlemen, who have great expectations, make very poor clerks and do not develop into good Wall Street men. Their expectations seem to dwarf the ability that might develop under the more favorable auspices of being obliged to paddle their own canoes. They have not a sufficient incentive to work because they know that all they require for their natural wants will fall easily into their laps.

Such young men, instead of being a help to an office into which they happen to have been thrust (often through friendship or favoritism), are a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the path to promotion of other young men. More of this species of youth are seen in offices in Wall Street than in any other field of work. After ineffectual attempts to reform and remodel them they have generally to be discarded, as the drone bees are rejected by the rest of the industrious swarm. And they usually become as unpopular with the other boys as the drone does with his comrades, who make the honey and will not suffer the idle fellow to feast on the fruits of their labor. There are some eminent exceptions to this, but it takes a large amount of good sense to counteract the conceit instilled by the idea of financial independence from birth. Young men of this class are subject to youthful and enervating excesses.

COLLEGES NOT NECESSARY TO WALL STREET

As for the matter of a college education and its utility, not only in Wall Street but in general business, that is a matter for debate. My own opinion is just as I expressed it fourteen years ago, when I said that college education is erroneously regarded by some people as a substitute for business training. But there could be no greater mistake in the beginning of a business career. For the training which a young man receives in college, in many instances, fits him for a professional career only, and not for a practical business life. To put a young man fresh from college in an office on a level with one of the same age who has been trained in business methods since he left the common school is demoralizing to both. I find that time and experience are bringing many persons over to this opinion who were formerly greatly in favor of college education. Even professors and presidents of colleges, though reluctant to admit it—since many of them would lose the source of their livelihood—are discovering that the college is inadequate to form the minds of youth for the struggles to be encountered in the arena of modern business.

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Send no money; simply state the book you want. It will tell you what I spent a lifetime in learning.

With the book I will send an order on your druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative; and he will let you test it a month. If satisfied, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

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There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you. No matter how difficult your case, I take the entire risk, for those half-million cases have proved what my remedy can do.

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When you get it and test it, if it isn't
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WOODSMEN OF THE NORTHWEST ON SKIS, WHICH ARE AS NECESSARY TO THEM IN PURSUING THEIR LABORS AS ORDINARY SHOES ARE TO INHABITANTS OF CITIES

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

THE SKI



find this sport become a real business. Norway is the home of the ski, and in that country it is a necessity as well as the national sport. The annual ski contest has become known as the Norwegian Derby.

HOCKEY CLUB 3 ST. NICHOLAS 2

One of the roughest hockey games of the season was played between the St. Nicholas Skating Club and the New York Hockey Club on Thursday evening, January 9. Walton of the St. Nicholas team was so badly cut over the eye by a stick in the hands of De Casanova that it was impossible for him to go on. A little later, Campbell of the St. Nicholas team received a similar cut, but not so severe, and was able to resume play. Russell of the Hockey Club was the man responsible for the victory of his team, for within six minutes of the start of the game this young man had twice placed the ball fairly in the net of the goal-defender of St. Nicholas; and, as the final score was Hockey Club 3 and St. Nicholas 2, Russell might well congratulate himself. He scored the first goal five minutes after play began and the next thirty seconds after play had been resumed. With the score 2 to 0 against it, St. Nicholas worked hard and, between Stoddard and Walton, got the ball up into the Hockey Club's goal, where Palmer put it over. In the second half the third goal was scored for the Hockey Club, and Newbury and Stoddard of the St. Nicholas came back with another one for their team, thus leaving the final score 3 to 2 in favor of the Hockey Club.

ONE CANADIAN DEFEAT

The Pittsburg All Star Hockey Team took revenge for the defeats of St. Nicholas and New York by the Victoria team from Canada by defeating the Queen's Club Hockey Team from Canada, the leaders in college hockey in the Dominion, by a score of 2 to 1.

HARVARD HOCKEY TEAM

Considerable interest will be centred in the newcomer which for the first time is entering the Intercollegiate Hockey League, namely Harvard. Contests have been brought about in former years between teams representing Harvard and teams representing Yale, but Harvard was not a member of the Intercollegiate Association, and was thus more or less a free-lance. This year Harvard has entered and will play in the regular series with Columbia, Brown, Princeton and Yale. Harvard played teams representing several of these colleges last year; the game with Yale at the St. Nicholas rink was exceedingly interesting, and resulted in a victory for the Crimson.

A new rink has been built at Holmes Field for the team, and instead of practicing on nearby ponds, and being dependent upon suitable weather for its preparation, it will have an opportunity for inside work. Still, the men who learned their hockey on Spy Pond were good enough to need no extra assistance. With Windsor, Manning, Penhalow, Goodridge and Rumsey back on the team, five of the regular last year's seven, and one substitute, Pruy, there is promise of a first-class showing.

N.Y.A.C. 5 CRESCENT 4

In one of the roughest and most exciting games yet played, the N.Y.A.C. team defeated the Crescent team 5 to 4. At the start of the game it promised to be a closely contested one, and at the end of the second half the score was tied at four goals each. It was agreed to play

an extra period of ten minutes or till one side had scored. When play had been resumed in the extra period, Jennison passed the puck to Clark, who shot the goal which gave the N.Y.A.C. the extra goal and the game.

INTERNATIONAL POLO

There is an exceptionally widespread interest being manifested in the coming international polo matches and the men who will go over to represent America in the contest. The team is rather a remarkable one in many ways. The writer well remembers Cowdin as a Har-

The cup for which they will contend is now at Hurlingham. It was presented to the club by Sir John Watson after his team won it at Newport in 1886, and bears the following inscription: "The Challenge Cup won in 1886 by a team sent out and duly accredited from the Hurlingham Club, captained by Mr. J. Watson." The inscription further reads that the cup is held by the club under the conditions that any international team may challenge and bring over a team and play for it, the match to take place at the Hurlingham Club and to be played for under Hurlingham Club rules. An American team challenged and played for this cup last year, but it was not a representative team of the American Polo Association. It was a team made up of Messrs. Keene, S. J. Mackey of Chicago and the two McCrorys of Burlingame. The match will be played the latter part of May and the ponies have been shipped.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FOOTBALL COACH

The resignation of George Woodruff as head coach of the Pennsylvania football team, which was tendered after the close of the last football season, has been accepted, and he will probably be succeeded by Dr. Carl S. Williams, a former Pennsylvania quarter-back and a man who has had excellent experience in coaching school teams in the last few years. That there has been discord in the Pennsylvania football circles for the last two years has been a well-known fact. This discord, however, has been kept in the background in a dignified way, but it finally culminated in the above result. Every effort will be made under the new conditions to develop a strong team next season, for those in power at Pennsylvania realize fully the inestimable advantage of initiating the new arrangement with a successful season.

MT. ASSINIBOIN CONQUERED

The Rev. James Outram, who has been for some eight weeks exploring and mountain-climbing in the Rockies, accomplished an ascent which will be of especial interest to climbers the world over in his reaching the summit of Mt. Assiniboin, a peak that has been attempted several times but which had thus far borne an unconquered head. Mt. Assiniboin lies some thirty miles south of Banff, and has been frequently likened to the Swiss Matterhorn. The entire climbing occupied thirteen and one-half hours, that is, the ascent of the peak itself—5,000 feet. The total height of the peak above the sea level, however, is about 11,860 feet. Mr. Outram had with him his two Swiss guides, Hasler and Bohren.

LAKEWOOD GOLF

The Country Club of Lakewood's open handicap was played Saturday, January 11, on snow-covered links. There were eight entries, but only six cards returned. F. N. Doubleday, who had a net score of 91, won the first prize.

A SAILING TRICYCLE

One of the most unique contrivances for locomotion, and one that affords the participants no little pleasure, is a sailing tricycle. It is built somewhat on the style of an ice-yacht, only instead of runners it has wheels. The construction is simple. Two large wheels with an axle, the same as an ordinary wagon axle, are used; a beam is fastened at right angles to the axle, with a little wheel attached under the rear end by which the steering is done. The mast is inserted where the beam crosses the axle. As the illustration shows, the boom is raised enough to allow the passenger to sit upright without fear of being struck by it.

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

In these days, when international contests of one kind or another seem to be the rule rather than the exception, lawn tennis is coming in for a good deal of improvement interest both on this side the water and in Great Britain. The rank of American players last season and the showing of Ward and Davis in foreign contests are well known. Remembering that the Dohertys were the only ones who prevented the championship in the doubles from being transplanted last year to the United States, and that R. F. Doherty's health is such as to make it highly improbable that he will play this season, there is more than a likelihood that the Americans will succeed in winning the title.

WALTER CAMP.



NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB HOCKEY TEAM PRACTICING

vard football player in the days when the Waterburys were just entering school. Hence some idea of the difference in age can be gathered without any embarrassment accruing to Cowdin. Certainly age has only matured him in the kindest fashion. Keene was one of the original players when the cup was first taken away by the English team. The rating of the men in the handicap list places Keene and J. M. Waterbury, Jr., at 10, Cowdin and Lawrence Waterbury at 9, and Agassiz at 8.



SAILING ON THE SANDS ALONG THE COAST OF FLORIDA

Does Not Disappoint

The New Discovery for Catarrh Seems to Possess Remarkable Merit.

A new catarrh cure has recently appeared which so far as tested has been remarkably successful in curing all forms of catarrh.



whether in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, or in stomach and liver.

The remedy is in tablet form, pleasant and convenient to take and no special secrecy is maintained as to what it contains, the tablet being a scientific combination of Blood root, Red gum and similar valuable and harmless ingredients.

The safe and effective catarrh cure may be found at any drug store under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

Whether the catarrh is located in the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, or stomach, the tablets seem to act with equal success, removing the stuffy feeling in head and nose, clearing the mucous membrane of throat and trachea from catarrhal secretions, which cause the tickling, coughing, hawking and gagging so annoying to every catarrh sufferer.

Nasal catarrh generally leads to ulceration, in some cases to such an extent as to destroy the nose entirely and in many old cases of catarrh the bones of the head become diseased. Nasal catarrh gradually extends to the throat and bronchial tubes and very often to the stomach, causing that very obstinate trouble, catarrh of the stomach.

Catarrh is a systemic poison, inherent in the blood, and local washes, douches, salves, inhalers and sprays can have no effect on the real cause of the disease. An internal remedy which acts upon the blood is the only rational treatment, and Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is the safest of all internal remedies, as well as the most convenient and satisfactory from a medical standpoint.

Dr. Eaton recently stated that he had successfully used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in old chronic cases, even where ulceration had extended so far as to destroy the septum of the nose. He says, "I am pleasantly surprised almost every day by the excellent results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. It is remarkable how effectively they remove the excessive secretion and bring about a healthy condition of the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and stomach."

All druggists sell complete treatment of the Tablets at 50 cents, and a little book giving the symptoms and causes of the various forms of catarrh will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

HEALTH FOR YOU STRENGTH FOR YOU

FREE FOR 30 DAYS.

Dr. Tyrell's wonderful book, "The What, The Why, The Way." It tells the real secret of Health without Drugs. It tells the marvelous cures of constipation, appendicitis, dyspepsia, without drugs. It tells how to have a beautiful, clear, fresh complexion. For 30 days we will send, FREE, this invaluable book. Don't miss this chance. Address TYRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, Clark St., 1363 Broadway, New York City.

Ripans Tablets as directed. Results: Much more than I expected. For since that time, I joy to state (In rhythm let me here relate), My sleep is sweet, my rest profound, My liver works, my lungs are sound. My erstwhile pained eyes are bright. My step is firm and strong and light. And now once more the scales I tip At one and eighty. Hail to Ripans Tablets, and my appetite Has cleaned up everything in sight (You know I heard with Miss McGee), And now she scarcely speaks to me. At Druggists—10 for 5 cents.

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Wild Animals of New York

A FEW YEARS AGO New York City had little to show for the lover of animal life but a score of caged wild beasts at the old Arsenal in Central Park, some mounted skeletons and stuffed specimens at the Natural History Museum and the annual indoor shows of thoroughbred horses and dogs or fancy poultry in Madison Square Garden. For the students of natural history it was a real treat in those days when the circus came to town.

Now the immigrant when he lands at the Battery finds himself at the door of a wonderful free Aquarium. There he can see the fishes of the deep sea and of distant inland waters brought together within the walls of the quaint old fort that once frowned down on the frolics of the early settlers.

Forty years ago, when Central Park was laid out, the landscape architects made the mistake of providing only five acres in the southeastern corner of that great pleasure-ground for a menagerie. That would have answered very well for a small town, but never for one moment was it adequate or suitable for the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. But at last the spell has been broken; and to-day, though still incomplete, the Zoological Park of Greater New York is an accomplished fact.

NEW YORK'S NEW ZOO

Three years ago the present Zoological Park of New York was a tract of wild land on the southern banks of the picturesque Bronx River. West of the old Boston Road, where the animals are kept now, grew a rank jungle, interspersed with slimy bogs and dark tarns gleaming under the dense shade of beautiful beach and oak forests. The ledges of rock were so masked by briars that only the summits were visible. The best known of these was the famous "Rocking Stone," left behind by the Ice Sheet of Paleocretaceous days two hundred thousand years ago. A site such as this, covering more than two hundred and sixty acres available for natural animal ranges, is without a parallel within the limits of any other large city. It is surpassed only by such distant natural ranges as Yellowstone Park, the Adirondacks, or the vast strip of wild yeldt set aside for zoological purposes by the Transvaal Republic.

After the more or less harrowing sight of wild animals confined within an all too narrow space behind iron bars and gratings it is a pleasant revelation to observe their daily life when unconstrained amid surroundings suited to their habits. The case of an American black bear was pointed out to the writer by Director Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park as an instance of the effect of comparative freedom after a life of confinement. "Two years ago," said the director, "this animal was found in St. Augustine, where for half a dozen years it had lived in a cage eight feet by five. Barring his close confinement he had been quite well cared for, and his great size for a Southern black bear made him so desirable that he was purchased. He reached the Zoological Park that summer, but the unfinished state of our bear dens made it necessary to keep him two months longer in his original cage. In October he was set free in one of the large dens.

BUT THE BEAR CAME BACK

"Poor fellow! Freedom was to him so new and strange that for days he knew not what to do with it. Like the released prisoner who kept saying 'Once one is two,' he took up a position close to the front bars, and, scarcely moving his hindquarters, marched his head and shoulders to and fro a thousand times a day just as he had done for six long years. When he was forced to walk about, it was seen that, from long disuse, his hind legs and feet had become almost paralyzed.

"To-day, as you see, he is one of the handsomest bears of the dozens in the dens. His coat is thick, jet black and glossy, his skin is smooth, and his wrestling bouts with the heavy-set bear sent us from Rat Portage by Sir Roderick Cameron are both wonderful and amusing. It seems very absurd to see a huge black bear, weighing nearly six hundred pounds, wrestling and tumbling about like a cub six months old. He has fully recovered the use of his hind legs, climbs fearlessly, and, in the enjoyment of freedom, fresh air and the companionship of his kind, he is working very hard to make up six years of lost time."

If it is diverting to see the big brown bears and grizzlies at play, what is to be said of the two huge polar bears who by their aquatic antics keep all visitors spellbound? Though their tank at present represents little more to these marine monsters than a good-sized bathtub would to a healthy boy, they are in it most of their time, diving and rolling under the water like two white whales. No wonder the Zoological Society wants its wealthy patrons to give the polar bears even a larger-sized swimming pool.

HOW THE ZOO IS STOCKED

According to the present agreement between the Zoological Society and the city authorities, the city, having furnished the grounds and their continued maintenance, leaves to the society the task of providing the animals. As a result the society must depend in a large measure on the gifts of its friends to supply its wants. So far, the friends have mostly come to the rescue. Thus "McKinley" and "Cleveland," the two handsomest bulls of the buffalo herd now ranging over the hills and meadows of Bronx Park, were given by William C. Whitney. George J. Gould gave the six fine elks which formed the nucleus of the elk herd. The first herd of Virginia deer was given by the late Austin Corbin, while another herd of red and fallow deer was the gift of William Rockefeller. Another addition to the deer park was made by the Duke of Bedford with a couple of equine and Sambar deer. Among the single specimens presented to the society the most notable are a Bengal tiger given by Professor Osborn of Columbia University and an opossum sent to the Zoo by President Roosevelt. A mountain lion and a bald-headed eagle, the mascots of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, which were likewise presented to the Zoo, came to an untimely end.

The two gifts that have carried furthest are two superb collections of reptiles presented to the society by R. L. Ditmars and Morris Pearl. They included one hundred and twenty valuable specimens, not counting some three hundred minor reptiles to be used as food for the others. Among them are all manner of American land and water serpents, from the common black and garter snakes to the dia-

FOOD

A GOOD CHANGE

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

The wrong food and drink cause a lot of trouble in this world. To change the food is the first duty of every person that is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Hickmon Mills, Mo., has, with her husband, been brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with them. They began using Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

She says, "For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was very ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began taking Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me.

Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food in addition to my Postum Coffee. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until now the nervous trouble has entirely disappeared and I feel that I owe my life and health to Postum and Grape-Nuts.

Husband is 73 years old and he was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. He stood out for a long time, but after he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He was satisfied and has never had coffee since.

I have a brother in California who has been using Postum for several years; his whole family use it also because they have had such good results from it."

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.—Adc.

Convincing.

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The perfect type of the purest whiskey, claims this:

The test is taste, and a taste convinces that it is Pure, Old, Mellow

It is the American Gentleman's Whiskey



Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

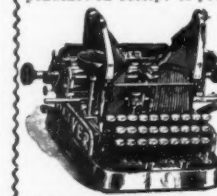
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keeps feet warm and dry. Makes walking a pleasure. Relieves Rheumatism, Calluses, Tender and Perspiring Feet. Does not crowd the shoe. At all stores or sent 10c. a pair, 25c. postage paid. Send line of shoe. **THE WM. H. WILEY & SON CO., Box 52, Hartford, Conn.**

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\$6,000 POULTRY CATALOGUE FREE! Has no rival. Lowest prices of fowls and eggs; 40 breeds Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens. The book tells all. Grandly illustrated, 15 best hen house plans, how to breed, feed, cure diseases, etc. Send 10c for postage and mailing. **J. K. Brabson, Jr. & Co., Box 72, Delavan, Wis.**

June Roses in January

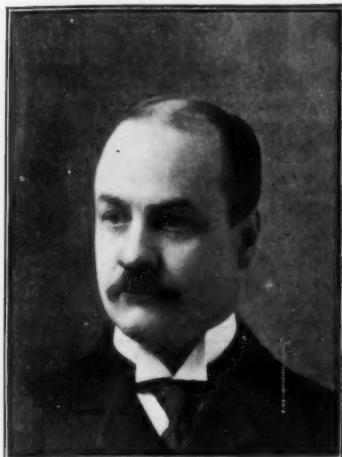
The "Gloria." A charmingly realistic rose design by A. H. Roth—in wall papers by the Pittsburgh Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa. Your dealer can get samples.

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COLUMBIA'S PRESIDENT



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY COULD not have chosen a better successor for Seth Low in the presidency of that great educational institution than Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Dr. Butler has earned recognition by twenty-four years of unswerving educational labors on behalf of Columbia and its allied schools. He entered the College as an undergraduate in 1878, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1882, and of Doctor of Philosophy two years later. He was appointed an assistant in philosophy at Columbia College in 1886, to be elected to the full chair of philosophy and education but four years later. He has remained on the philosophic faculty of the University ever since.

round-back rattler, copperhead and red-belly. The snakes multiplied at such a rate that the erection of a large reptile house became an imperative need. Now that it is finished it stands as the finest reptile house in the world, surpassing the famous structures of the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris and of the Calcutta Gardens. From outside the house looks like one of the dainty creations of some summer exposition grounds, with white columns and an attractive portico.

Since the reptile-house was finished there has been a steady influx of additions such as huge pythons and anacondas, cobras, chameleons, salamanders and Gila monsters. Indeed, as a collection of specimens the reptile-house is in every respect worthy of its structural beauties.

OPEN-AIR ANIMALS

Far more interesting than these indispensable structures are the more natural open-air habitations of the animals, such as the prairie dog town, which has grown beyond the limits of its original inclosure; the beaver dam, pelican pond, buffalo range, elk woods, and the wolf and fox dens of natural rock, or the rocky pool around which the cheerful sea lions bark at all creation. The most fascinating domicile, by all odds, was a curious nest which the female orang-outang built for herself in the top of a tall tree one spring day when she escaped from her keepers. New York's new rapid transit tunnel will soon be brought to its terminus close to the entrance of the Zoo, and the animals may find the human crowds that flock to see them altogether too multitudinous.

FOOD

A STRAIGHT SHOT

Brought About By Accident.

A lady who accidentally began eating Grape-Nuts and quickly discovered the strength that she gained, felt disposed to write regarding the food.

She says, "Grape-Nuts has done so much for me. When I came out of school I was broken down in health from overwork and nervousness. Every summer during the hot weather I have been practically exhausted and generally have lost five pounds or over. Quite by accident I began using Grape-Nuts and thought I liked it very much at first, but the taste grew on me so much that I am extravagantly fond of it. I ate it all last summer and was surprised to find that I kept up with plenty of strength, my nerve force increased, and I lost no flesh.

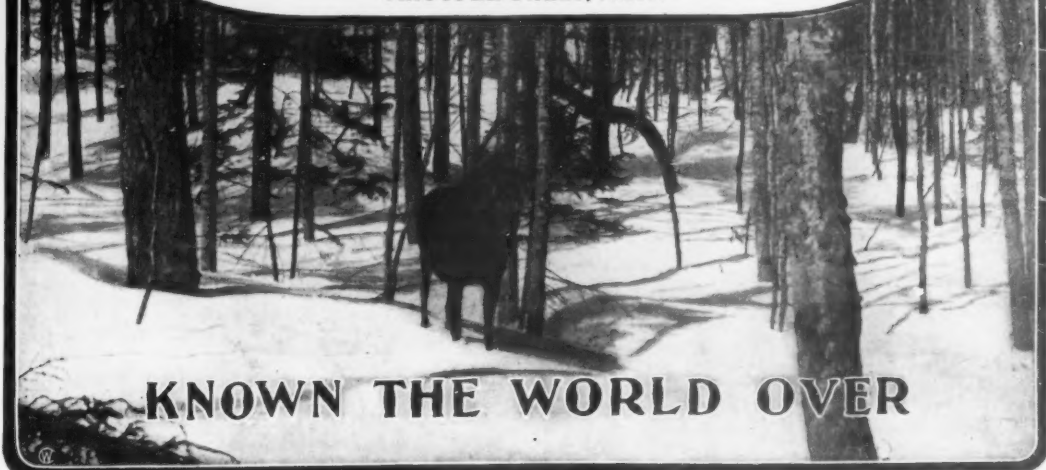
I know exactly what has sustained me, for I have made no change in my way of living except to take on Grape-Nuts. I never tire of it. I always use it with cold cream in summer and warm cream in winter. This is a straightforward, honest letter and I trust it will be of service to you." Lucy J. Rowen, Cedar Falls, Ia.

STEVENS FIRE ARMS

Our FIRE ARMS were introduced in 1864 and by manufacturing RELIABLE goods they are today the most popular ARMS on the market. In order to supply the demand we employ over 900 hands and our plant contains 10 1/4 acres of floor space. Nearly all dealers in Sporting Goods handle our ARMS.

An Interesting Catalog upon Request.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY, No. 235 MAIN STREET, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

A 50c. HAT

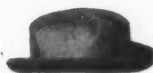
for man or boy sent by mail to any address. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Colors:
Gray Mix,
Brown Mix,
Black Mix.



MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft rough finish

Colors:
Black,
Brown, Maple,
Steel, Pearl.



MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish

We give as reference, the First National Bank, of Middletown, New York. Our object is to deal direct with the wearer of the hat, and give good value so that a buyer of one hat will want another.

Middletown Hat Co.,
48 Mill St., Middletown, N. Y.

Any one of these hats to be sent by mail to any address, upon receipt of fifty cents in cash, postal order or stamps. If the hat is not satisfactory, return it and money will be refunded.

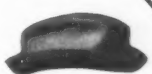
In ordering, give head size, and color and number desired.

Colors:
Black,
Brown, Maple,
Steel, Pearl.



BOY'S HAT No. 3
In soft rough finish

Colors:
Gray Mix,
Brown Mix,
Black Mix.



BOY'S HAT No. 4
In smooth finish

\$58.20 BUYS THIS BUGGY \$100.00 BUYS IT AT RETAIL
DIRECT FROM US We Save You the Difference

In other words, if you want a buggy equal in every way to a buggy that retails at \$100, this is the one to order. It is exactly what your dealer would sell you at \$100 or over. We sell Direct to You. Guaranteed very best that money will buy. We will ship without any money with order. Look it over before you pay for it. If you find it as represented and equal in every way to buggies retailed for \$100, pay for it; if not, do not accept nor pay for it. We will have it returned and pay all freight.

Description of our No. 212 (85x20) Buggy. Trimmed with 18 oz. all-wood imported and back extra, \$1.50. Hair stuffed coil-wire spring cushions, velvet carpet. High patent leather padded dash with hand holes. Leather boot. Quick shift shaft complers. Bailey body loops. Rubber Long Distance Axles with mud and dust proof bell collar. Fifth Wheel genuine Brewster, made of best wrought iron, double reach ironed full length bent and mortised into head block. The best fifth wheel and connection made. Genuine hand buffed leather quarter top, lined with all-wood head lining, for full rubber or leather top see catalogue. How sockets covered with patent leather, covered prop nuts and whipstock. Hickory shafts, with 26 in. shaft leather, round top leathers. Springs anti-friction, open rubber head, with brass bushing, the most elastic and easiest springs made. Piano body, 20, 22 or 24 in. wide, 33 in. long (or Corning body). Wheels Sarven patent. Shell hand or compressed hubs. Any size or height. Painted any color, plain or fancy to suit. Send for Free Vehicle Catalogue. It shows large pictures of 30 styles of top buggies with steel and rubber tires, open road and fancy driving wagons, spring wagons of all kinds, surreys, placeons, carts and harness. This catalogue will show you the latest styles for 1902 and what you should pay for up-to-date vehicles. It is complete and you should send for it at once. We have no agents.

MARVIN SMITH CO. 54 N. JEFFERSON STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WATCHES DIAMONDS

COST LESS THAN 15 CENTS PER DAY

SPECIAL CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

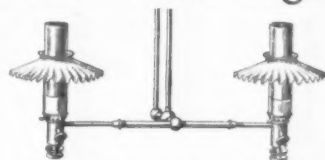
THE BEST 14-KARAT GOLD FILLED CASE that money can buy. WARRANTED for 25 and 35 years, with 15, 17 and 21 Ruby Jeweled Adjusted Movements. Remington, Elgin, Waltham or other high grade if preferred. No Middlemen's profit. Lowest Cash Price. Any sizes.

Any Monogram or Emblem engraved to order. No extra charge. This proves quality. You have the use of WATCH or DIAMOND while paying for it. Members wanted who are honest—wealth not necessary. We will send Watch or Diamond on approval, and you return at our expense, if not as represented. Superb Cat. free. For prompt attention, address

The Walker Edmund Co., 126 State Street, Dept. G 66, CHICAGO, ILL.



Free Trial Light



SEND NO MONEY

Our Hydro Carbon Gas Lights are the greatest lighting invention of the age. A pure white light, more brilliant than electric light at half the cost of kerosene. The Hydro Carbon Gas which it generates and burns is developed from common gasoline. No smoke, no noise, night turned into dazzling daylight. No accident of any kind possible, as with kerosene. If the chandelier was knocked down it would go out.

A FREE TRIAL

We will send our two-burner chandelier, as shown above, regular price \$12.00, complete with mantel, shade and chimney, ready to light, by express, C. O. D. \$6.00. Test it three nights and if not the most brilliant and inexpensive light you ever saw, return to express agent, who will refund your \$6.00 and return light to us at our expense. One light only to each address on these terms.

Model 76, same as above, with one light only, sent for \$4.25 on same terms. Regular price \$8.50. We are making this offer to introduce 5,000 lamps, when it will be withdrawn.

A RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS

WRITE AT ONCE FOR TERRITORY

You will want it at once when you understand what it is. Write at once for our full description and instructions on the new system of Cleveland Lights.

The Cleveland Vapor Light Co.

1803 East Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

References: Colonial National Bank (Capital Stock, \$2,000,000.00), Cleveland, Ohio.

The City of Cleveland has just bought 5,000 of our Street Lamps in competition with all other known forms of Lighting. St. Paul, Minn., bought 3,000, and Chicago has asked us to put in 8,000. No other street light approaches them. Write for particulars of our street lights.

KILL Your MICROBES! Send three hairs for microscopic examination. Sample remedy FREE and Booklet on Hair Care. (Twenty years' practice in scalp diseases. Grow hair an inch a month.) Send for Postage. PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 261 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Profits: Large profits and permanent income by selling our Identification outfit, Key Tag and Pocket Book with Special \$100.00 Accident and Health Insurance Policy. Commercial Registry Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Get Rich Grasp a Fortune, Success Sure, Our Money Making Secrets tells you how. All by mail for 10c. B. BATES & CO., 160 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY BINDER

Fitted with patent clasps. Will hold fifty-two numbers of the paper.

Price \$1.25. Address COLLIER'S WEEKLY, 521 WEST 13TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNALS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

\$10 SECURES \$480 LOT In Greater New York

Opportunity to Make Money Same Way Astors Did—Greatest Offer Ever Known—Guaranteed Increase in Value 20% Within One Year. Only 35 Minutes from New York City Hall—Free Trip to New York and Return



A Rugby Residence, E. 46th St.

EVER since Petrus Stuyvesant was Governor of New Amsterdam, the increase of population and of real estate values on Manhattan Island has been continuous—the one in almost exact proportion to the other. It is matter of common knowledge that the big fortunes of the old New York families began with the enormous profits accruing from early investments here. More money has been made by the increase in value of real estate in New York City than anywhere else in America.

The time for modest investment in old New York is of course long since past, but when the circle was enlarged recently the opportunities were extended, and now there is just as good an opportunity to repeat what has been done in past years, in Greater New York; especially now that the great river is being bridged and tunneled—bringing Brooklyn and Kings County as close to New York City Hall as many of the most valuable sections of Manhattan Island.

Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, with the increased facilities of rapid transit, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward.

The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that direction that New York can grow—*please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation.* The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost twenty to forty times the money—*note that point also, carefully, it is absolutely true.*

LISTEN TO OUR STORY

It is our business to study conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States, and we have aided in the development of 25 different cities. After 12 years' careful study in New York without purchasing, in 1898 we saw the trend of affairs, and before the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn we bought over 1500 acres of the choicest land in Brooklyn, and which is now in the heart of that borough. This land is only 3½ miles from Brooklyn Bridge and only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We have over \$2,000,000 invested in this land and are making it one of the most beautiful spots of New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, has increased the value of the property over 25 per cent. since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will continue that we think there is no risk in guaranteeing for the next year a 20 per cent. increase.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Lot on corner 146th street and 3d avenue, New York City, worth in 1881 \$1500, sold in spring of 1901 for \$70,000 to Henry Lewis Morris. His grandfather sold it for \$155 in 1853.

Lot on 80th street, opposite Central Park, sold in 1850 for \$500, in 1901 brought a price that showed an increase of \$500 every sixty days from 1850 to 1901.

HERE'S OUR PROPOSITION

Our property is improved in exact accordance with City Specifications. Streets 60, 80 and 100 feet wide, built to City grade, bordered on each side by 5 feet granolithic sidewalks, flower beds, trees and shrubbery, city water, gas, etc., all at our expense. For \$10 down and \$1.50 per week, or \$6 per month, we sell you a regular New York City lot, full size, subject to the following guarantees from us:

20 PER CENT. INCREASE GUARANTEED

If at the expiration of the year 1902 this \$480 lot is not worth \$576—or 20 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost.

If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

SEND US \$10 ONLY.

and we will reserve you one of the best unsold lots, then you may pay \$6 per month until the full amount is paid; this gives you all the benefit of the increase in value from the time you make the first payment; but send us your name at least, and we will mail you **maps and full information free.**

NOTE OUR REFERENCES

The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks, and 30,000 customers all over the United States, whose testimony is the best evidence of the sterling character of our proposition. Send to us for some of their letters.

The following testimonial was given us by the Nassau National Bank of Brooklyn: "There is no doubt the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co. in the Twenty-ninth Ward represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitating that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States.—THE NASSAU NATIONAL BANK OF BROOKLYN."



Map showing location of our property, Rugby

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a further guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy to credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away than Chicago we will pay that proportion equal to cost of fare to Chicago and return.

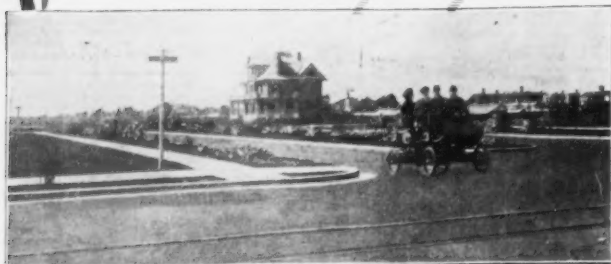
Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co., of New York City.

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First—It is a Life Insurance for your family. Second—It enables you to pay in small sums as you would in your savings bank and cannot cramp you; and, Third—It enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate which are due to natural conditions; and furthermore, the three advantages are **absolutely without risk.**

AS AN INVESTMENT.

we believe this to be one of the safest, surest and most profitable that could be entered into. It is safer than a Savings Bank, as it is not subject to panic, while the prospective profits are infinitely greater. It is the surest because, as a matter of history, New York City property has steadily increased in value ever since the city was originally formed. It is bound to be profitable because there is no other land within the same distance of New York City Hall that can be had for anything near as low a price. This because New York has become so congested that the "density belt" has advanced to the very gates of our properties which are directly in the line of this development.

We would advise you, if you are satisfied, to send first payment, \$10 in cash, at our risk, immediately, and we will select the very best lot for you. Or, if you desire further particulars, write without delay for maps, details, and information. It will cost you nothing to find out and thoroughly satisfy yourself. We solicit closest investigation. References by hundreds. **Our reputation is national.**



Corner Utica Avenue and Linden Boulevard, Rugby
Every improvement you see has been made within six months

Our final word of counsel: These lots are selling VERY FAST. Sit down at once and send us \$10 to secure one. If you are not perfectly satisfied on examining our entire proposition, we will gladly refund your \$10. Take this first step now and YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT!



Business and residential blocks, corner Flatbush and Linden Avenues, only 3,000 feet from Rugby

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. AB., 257 Broadway, New York